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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:		PAGE
TRANS-ATLANTIC MISCONCEPTIONS (Professor Felix Frankfurter)		299	Contemporary English Choral Music (Harvey Grace)		327
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			SCIENCE:		
The Far East—VII. Living in Japan (William Plomer)		302	Inquiry into the Unknown—VI. The Study of Telepathy (Helen Salter)		323
'Seven Days' Hard' (Rose Macaulay)		305	The Weather House—VII. Where the Weather Forecast Comes From (R. A. Watson Watt)		330
Stormy Days in Paris and Vienna (Vernon Bartlett) ..		308	POINTS FROM LETTERS:		
The Colonial Empire—VI. Economic Expansion of British Rule in Africa (I. L. Evans)		309	Mr. Shaw and the Gold Standard—'The King's Tryall'—Political Affairs in Austria—Paul Klee—Opera Today—Relief by Public Assistance—The Fir Bolg—A Scottish Salem—Psychic Phenomena—Air Disarmament—Noise Abatement		333
Whither Britain?—VII. (The Hon. Quintin Hogg) ..		312	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:		
Industrial Britain—V. Hands and Machines (Professor John Hilton)		323	The Fight for Victory—on the Home Front (Hamilton Fyfe)		314
THE LISTENER:			Strength in the Air (Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton)		336
Science and Internationalism		306	The Listener's Book Chronicle		337
Week by Week		307	New Novels (Edwin Muir)		340
ART:			POEM:		
Porcelain through the Ages		315	Fortune (Charles Madge)		321
British Art—VI. Craftsmanship and Design (R. M. Y. Gleadowe)		317	THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD		ii
RELIGION:			SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES		viii
The Churches in National Life—II. The Church in Action (Rev. F. E. Hutchinson)		320			
Pillars of the English Church—III. George Crabbe (Rev. Canon A. C. Deane)		322			

The National Character—XVIII

Trans-Atlantic Misconceptions

By Professor FELIX FRANKFURTER

Professor Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, is now lecturing at Oxford under the Professorship established in 1929 by the Association of American Rhodes Scholars

THAT the B.B.C. should invite the views of an American on the English character in itself reveals much, not only of English character but of English opinion about Americans. For one thing it bespeaks that confidence in the free expression of ideas which is so marked a characteristic of the English national temper. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Englishmen do not take ideas too heavily. On the other hand, to ask foreigners to tell you what they think of you may indicate a certain self-possession and indifference. Moreover, you naturally expect an American to undertake the extra-hazardous enterprise of telling you what we think of you, because Americans are known to be foolhardy enough to try anything—once. But that the B.B.C. should have asked an American to speak this night, February 12, reveals even subtler aspects of the English character. It is widely believed on our side that Englishmen have a talent for charming seduction; or if seduction be too harsh a word, let me say that we credit you with a most effective talent for undermining the independence of other people by your courtesy and by an almost unconscious graciousness in ministering to the pride and vanity of the rest of the world whom you deem less hardy than yourselves. Yet I daresay that the B.B.C. did not know the significance of February 12 to an American. It surely was some uncon-

scious graciousness that made the B.B.C. pick the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday for an American speaker. But thus celebrating, as it were, Lincoln's birthday over your wireless, you predispose an American to note your thoughtfulness and to find in you that quality of imagination which you almost take pride in denying, partly in order to appear more stupid than you are, and partly because it belongs to good English tradition to distrust imagination as romantic and unsound. Moreover, on Lincoln's birthday one should try to catch something of his spirit towards his fellowmen, as exemplified in the phrase, 'with charity to all and malice towards none', which was uttered in the midst of war.

Not that I have to suppress malice. Americans don't feel malice towards the English. And whatever be your defects or limitations, you certainly neither desire nor need charity. Indeed, the very attempt to analyse a whole people bespeaks on my part a certain humourlessness, unless it be done as a kind of conversational game. To presume to describe the characteristics of a great historic people is an arrogance exceeded only by presuming to explain how one people feels about another. For an American to tell you how the English look to the Americans implies not only an unwarranted authority to express the composite views of 130,000,000 people, but also to interpret the way 40,000,000 Britishers appear to 130,000,000 Americans. It would be sufficiently hard to

talk about the English people if they were a solid unit—if every Englishman were like every other Englishman. But within the narrow confines of your English geography are great differences of class and region, of city and country, of lineage and language. Even a moderate acquaintance with English people makes one suspect that the typical Englishman really doesn't exist outside the pages of *Punch*, because England, in the words of Mr. Baldwin—and who should know better?—is 'so rich in the variety of human character'. One who dwells among you for any length of time soon comes to realise that. Yet you yourselves believe that you have some basic common characteristics. And from the distant and somewhat dim view across the Atlantic, the human scene naturally takes on a somewhat generalised aspect. As this little island is surveyed from Portland, Oregon, and Dallas, Texas, from Kalamazoo, Michigan and Oshkosh, Wisconsin, from Painted Post, New York, and Athens, Georgia, you cease to be individual men and women, with all the differences that exist among you, and become a strange composite that never was on land or sea, called the English people.

Such composite views of peoples by one another in effect mean an interpretation of the whole history of the two peoples, for the way one people thinks about another largely depends upon the course of history between them. Our common speech—or as much of English speech as we have in common—deceives us into assuming a greater identity than really exists between us. The psychology generated by deep historic events long survives those events. It may seem far-fetched to find in the American Revolution, and the war of 1812, and England's attitude towards our Civil War, key explanations to the way the English appear to Americans today. But we fool ourselves in believing that the past is dead. I don't mean to suggest that there still is a lively sense of grievance against the England of George V because of the England of George III. But we do sometimes find in English behaviour the kind of attitude that leads some of your Dominions to say that the mother country doesn't quite realise that the children are grown up, that the Colonies have become Dominions. Our people occasionally suspect you are not wholly aware that we are no longer a young offshoot. It is a nice feeling on your part to look upon the gropings and growing pains of the American nation as the antics of a lively young child, interesting, at times even original, but nevertheless a child. This feeling on our part hasn't anything to do with specific treatment or diplomatic relations or the way our statesmen talk to each other. It is something much more impalpable, but something real and permeating. The whole Civil War episode has left, I believe, very deep marks. That war was for us a kind of holy cause on behalf of freedom and democracy, and the hostility to it which we saw in the attitude of upper-class

English opinion confirmed American belief that England was really hostile to the aims of the American Republic. Please remember that I am not suggesting this as the whole truth, or even a good part of it. The evolution of popular feeling is due as much to appearances as to reality, and when we try to convey your feeling about us or our feeling about you, we are dealing very largely with what seems, and not what is. This series is a species of answer provided by the B.B.C. to Robert Burns' prayer:

O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.

Unfortunately, others are apt to see only part of us, only the surface. The judgment of one nation by another is based on selected knowledge, and we are apt to take the bits of evidence, or even distortions of the bits, that are

most congenial to our bias. We find, in other words, what we expect to find, and fasten on what confirms our previous opinion. Even when the medium of speech is the same, the opinion we form of another people is very far from a dispassionate judgment. So it has been in regard to the attitude of your people towards the American Civil War. I dwell on that, for while it is a long, long time ago and most Englishmen of today have only a dim notion that



An English view of America: a *Punch* Civil War cartoon, 'A Family Quarrel'—

there was a civil war in 1861, what Americans then believed to have been your attitude continues to colour what we think about you today. Unfortunately the fun that *Punch* poked at Mr. Lincoln while he lived is much more widely remembered in the United States than *Punch's* eloquent mourning at his bier. More Americans seem to remember that the government of England nearly came to the aid of the South against the North than cherish the moving eloquence and self-sacrifice of the Lancashire workmen in supporting Mr. Lincoln and the Northern cause. Even historians quote more glibly Lord Acton's partiality for the South than the powerful support of the North by men like John Bright and Goldwin Smith, and forget that Lord Acton also regarded the American example as the hope of the world.

To be sure, since the revolutionary farmers fought the British redcoats and British troops burned the White House and aristocratic England looked with sympathy upon the efforts of the Southern aristocracy to break up the American union, the American Doughboy has fought alongside the English Tommy. But just as childhood likes and dislikes, in strange and unexpected ways, crop up in maturity, so the feelings and prejudices of the childhood and youth of a nation become traditions handed down from generation to generation, absorbed in the air that is breathed. At bottom, our feelings about you result from our great self-consciousness about the English because of our intimate historical association with you.

We think you superior and at times even supercilious because somehow or other you have managed to make us

feel that you think us inferior and crude. Nor have your great popular writers on America, like Charles Dickens, helped to dissipate such an impression. Caricature is a favourite medium in describing a people, and America lent itself, and still does all too readily, to caricature. The crudities, the hustle and bustle, the noise and energy, the excesses of violence and millionaires made overnight, offer obvious material for painting merely surfaces. It requires something more to see below the material conquest of a continent, the groping efforts, often stumbling and awkward, to create a more decent civilisation for the great mass of common people whom the Lord must have loved, as Lincoln said, because he made so many of them. And while in the process of building up the continent, Americans have been full of energy and optimism and self-confidence in grappling with the forces of nature; they lack that serenity and that inner self-confidence which are so largely the product of a settled and stable civilisation. Young nations are like young people; they don't take themselves for granted; they are sensitive and readily find disapproval and a sense of superiority in their elders. While the Frenchman may be indifferent to your criticism and indeed think worse of you for it, Americans may think worse of you but are not indifferent to it. Moreover, because we speak the same language you too readily assume we think the same thoughts. If our thoughts appear to you different, you have less indulgence for the difference than in the case of the French whom you expect to find different. Thus it sometimes comes to pass that you make us feel that you regard us as your spiritual poor relations.

You may think all this is as things were, not as they are. You will say that these misconceptions about one another—for such they are—belong to the bad old days when the governing historic facts were those of friction and not of substantial concord, when the Englishman's view of America was derived from the caricatures of *Punch* or of Dickens, before Marconi and the trans-Atlantic telephone, when, travel being slow and expensive, few Americans visited England and hardly any Englishmen visited America, except in course of duty or for profit. For although the English are the most travelled people in the world, for some reason or other, America was for a long time off their beat. This disregard of the United States as a place of mere interest or pleasure was to a certain extent justified. For we can no longer supply either the interest of the unexplored, uncivilised regions of the world or the attraction of the great centres of ancient civilisation. For you, therefore, we have neither epic nor historic nor æsthetic appeal. It is perhaps only very recently that Englishmen have begun to find in America something which genuinely excites their interest and curiosity, because there an attempt to meet the extraordinary challenge of these times is being made in a bold and dramatic manner.

It is because of a more constant and voluminous passing to and fro across the Atlantic—Americans coming in large numbers to England and English travelling more and more to the States—that the traditional view of the Englishman's 'consciousness of effortless superiority' is becoming more and more a fiction that melts in the presence of fact. It must be confessed that the Englishman is not as a rule an expansive person, certainly not on a moment's notice. To Americans you seem rather thrifty of speech, and an American in your presence soon feels that the enthusiasm so natural to him is regarded as a form of bad manners. But Americans who see you on your own soil soon realise that behind apparent casualness there is an extraordinarily kind and civilised hospitality. Almost invariably this experience of the reality of English life

accounts for the warmth of feeling aroused in Americans who come to know you intimately. The American beneficiary of English cordiality and friendliness sings the praises of England and thereby separates himself from his fellow Americans, who have not yet been subjected to your benign treatment. Particularly is this true if the new discoverers of English virtues happen to be men of affairs who, under the stimulus of a good dinner, give free rein to their eloquence in after-dinner speeches. Instead of helping understanding between the two peoples, the total effect often is an increase of suspicion on the part of the mass of Americans as to the subtle designing qualities of our British cousins. Ambassador Page affords a very interesting illustration of this. You took him so thoroughly to your hearts, and he so reciprocated, that unwittingly, quite unwittingly, he did, I believe, on our side of the water much more harm than good to Anglo-

American relations by justifying the belief that the English air is inimical to American sturdiness and independence. More than ever, in the present distracted state of the world, is Anglo-American amity an indispensable condition to civilised peace. However much for the time being we may be preoccupied with domestic questions, there are a few basic problems that are the common concern of mankind, which, unless they are happily resolved, will jeopardise the very national well-being which is our immediate preoccupation. Accord in aim and attitude on these matters between the English-speaking peoples is, I am sure, deeply desired by responsible people on both sides of the Atlantic. Such accord, however, must come from harmony of aim and wise accommodation of interests and not through the sophisticated construction of artificial diplomatic formulas. In a word, both peoples must be in substantial agreement about the kind of sane and humane society towards which both of us should move. I am not at all sure that the promotion of this end is helped rather than hindered by such specialised attempts at Anglo-American

(Continued on page 332)



—and an American view of England: a cartoon by F. Oppen from the *New York American and Journal*

By courtesy of the Hearst Newspapers

The Far East—VII

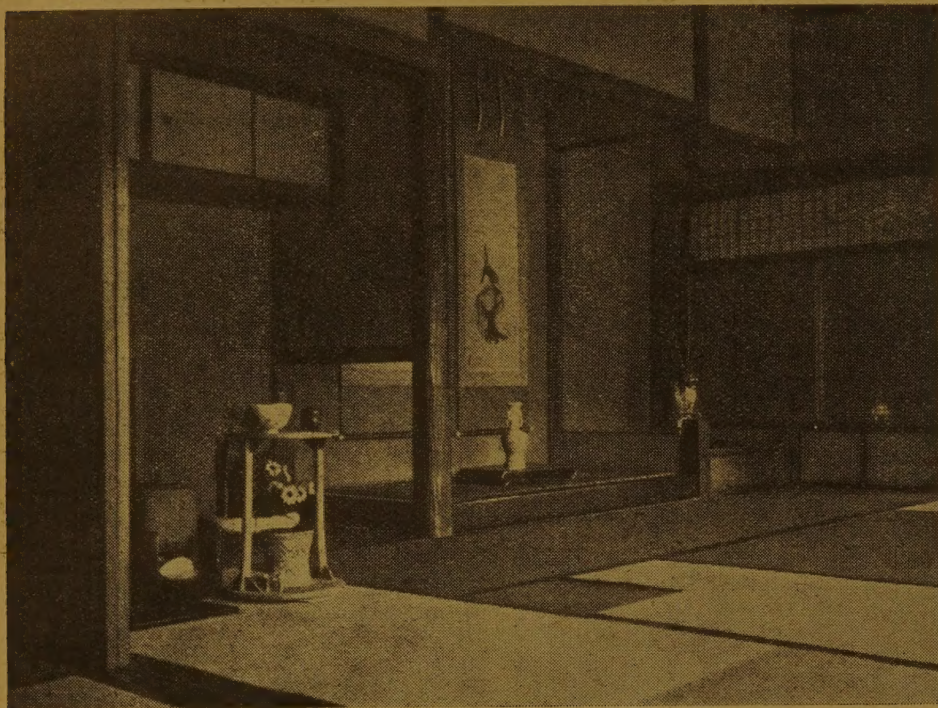
Living in Japan

By WILLIAM PLOMER

WHEN you first get to Japan you feel about as strange as it is possible to feel anywhere, and English people often find it impossible to live there unless they can huddle round a bridge table and pretend that they are not really in Japan at all. But, of course, the Japanese are as human as anybody else, and like everybody else a mixture of good and bad,

sound rather primitive, but nothing is really more comfortable than sleeping on the floor, if you have proper bedding. Then you don't need any chairs, because you sit on cushions on the floor, and I must say this does give you pins and needles in the legs until you get used to it. You can have a table if you like, but it will only stand a few inches off the floor. In the main room there is an alcove in which you hang one picture suitable to the season, with a vase of flowers in front of it. And if you can afford it, you will probably have a nice quotation written on silk in a fine handwriting which you can put up somewhere. The kitchen apparatus is very simple. You heat the bathwater by just filling the bath and lighting a fire underneath it. The sanitary arrangements, however, are rather discouraging, and the foods take some getting used to, but after a little practice you find yourself looking forward to a dinner of seaweed and raw fish. I think the main objection to a Japanese house is that it is hard to heat it properly in the winter. The usual arrangement is a bowl of charcoal which takes a good time to warm a room and gives off carbon monoxide gas while it is doing it.

One of the things that staves off monotony is the daily earthquake—you can't always feel it distinctly, because it may be only a slight tremble, but the tremble is



Japanese interior

From 'Japan' by F. M. Trantz ('The Studio', Ltd.)

and a good case or a bad case can be made out for them according to your own personal experience. I had some very happy times there, and received a lot of kindness, and that not because I was a rich tourist, for I was simply an employee.

I had a little house of my own, first in the country and then in Tokyo, and I found that if you are prepared to live like the Japanese you can live quite cheaply. My house had a tiled roof, but was otherwise made of wood and paper. None of the doors and windows were on hinges; they were all made to slide in grooves, and could be lifted out of these grooves, so that it was quite easy to turn two or three rooms into one big room by simply taking away the sliding partition between them. The floors were covered with straw mats, and as the first thing you do when you go into a Japanese house is to take off your shoes and leave them at the front door, it is easy to keep these mats clean. You don't need much furniture. For instance, you don't need any beds, because you sleep on the floor, so you only have to have bedclothes, and in the morning you just roll these up and shove them in a cupboard. This may

be liable to turn at any time into a shudder or a convulsion. This isn't a joke, because there are actually about five hundred shocks every year, to say nothing of fifty-one active volcanoes. The first time I was in any respectable earthquake I happened to be having tea with a Japanese family who had a room furnished in European style. There we were, all sitting round the table and feeling very up-to-date and



In Japan 'you don't need any beds, because you sleep on the floor'

From 'Japan: a pictorial interpretation' (Asahi Shimbun Publishing Co., Tokyo and Osaka)



Japanese ceremonial procession on the anniversary of Buddha's birth (April 8)

From 'Japan', by F. M. Trantle ('The Studio', Ltd.)

European, and somebody was just passing the bread-and-butter, when all the chairs suddenly turned into rocking-chairs and the whole family rushed out into the garden for safety. It was only when they had gone that I began to realise what was happening. I was very interested in watching a large vase which had begun to dance on the top of the piano. After doing a few simple steps it began to pirouette and finally plunged to the floor, where it was joined by a picture or two that fell off the wall. All this time there was a loud rumbling noise, and then a shower of tiles fell off the roof and nearly hit some of the family in the garden.

The funny thing about earthquakes is that they don't necessarily make you feel frightened. What you do feel is quite helpless—which, of course, you are—and mildly curious about what is going to happen next. And sometimes the gentle swaying of the house in the middle of the night is rather soothing, like being back in the cradle. Once, I remember, I narrowly missed being assassinated by an entire set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which jumped out of its case, and I felt how true it was that too much knowledge isn't good for anybody, especially when you get it in the neck. Then I know a woman who rushed upstairs during an earthquake to save some papers that she kept in a cupboard on the first floor, but by the time she got to the top of the stairs there were no papers, and no cupboard, and no first floor—only a splendid view of the sky.

Of course when you first settle in Japan one of your chief troubles is the language difficulty. I have heard it said that to learn Japanese properly requires six years' hard work, but it is not very hard to pick up a few phrases to get about with. But even if you learn to talk a little, you are very much up against the difficulties of learning to read and write. On the other hand, the Japanese don't always find English plain sailing. There is a famous story about a tailor's shop which had a women's department on the first floor, and a notice was put up outside saying,

'Ladies have fits upstairs'. And there was a laundry advertisement which said, 'We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies, eight shillings per hundred; gentlemen, seven shillings per hundred'. And then a student who was asked in an examination to say what he knew of Robert Louis Stevenson, got mixed up with the earlier Stephenson who was a railway pioneer, and what he wrote was this: 'Robert Louis Stephenson was a famous writer who invented the steam-engine, and because he suffered from a weakness of the lungs he was always known as Puffing Billy'. One more example—I am sorry to say that when Sir Edmund Gosse died, a local newspaper printed in English came out with a headline saying, 'Death of Professor Goose'.

The Japanese have a passion for education, and a Japanese boy has a tremendous lot to learn. He has to learn a lot about his own civilisation and then he has to learn a lot about ours as well. The Japanese feel that their very existence depends on their ability to compete with us Westerners on our own ground, and at the same time to keep their own traditions intact, and everybody knows how successful they have been. But the effort keeps them very busy, and living in Japan today is a little like living in a beehive. Their patriotism is often extreme and fanatical, and many of them seriously believe that Japan has a great mission to create a new civilisation deriving its spiritual part from the East and its material part from the West, and even to impose this civilisation on the world. Their determination to keep their own flag flying often makes them hostile to foreigners, and whereas a foreigner in London passes unnoticed, a European or American in Japan is as conspicuous as a canary would be in a flock of sparrows. You have to get used to being stared at in a way that we should call insolent. I am only six feet high, but I sometimes used to feel rather like Gulliver. 'Oh, look, there's a foreigner!' people exclaim all round you all the time, so it is no wonder if Europeans in Japan get a persecution mania. Once when I was travelling in a remote

part of the country I passed through a village in the mountains. I was walking, and I think I was one of the great events in the history of that village, for the people had never seen a foreigner before, and they all turned out—men, women, children, and dogs—and followed me for about half a mile. Two or three times it happened to me in a public bath that people would come and touch me or pinch me as if to make sure that I was real, and a man once refused to get into a bath while I was in it until he was assured that I was not an American.

But if living in Japan can be a strange experience, it can also be a very delightful one. Whatever their faults, the people are mostly kind and polite, and if, according to our ideas, they are not one of the best-looking races, individuals are sometimes very handsome. They can certainly be very charming companions. The big towns are not very nice to live in, although they offer various pleasures; the theatres especially are magnificent, and the Japanese have made some excellent films. When you get out into the country you find it is even more beautiful than you had imagined, and I hope that when it again becomes fashionable to admire scenery the Japanese will not have turned theirs into nothing but technical colleges, cotton mills and armament factories. There are all sorts of things to enjoy—the climate, especially in spring and autumn; the trees and flowers; and many aspects of the life of the people—their festivals, and all the beautiful things they have made in such immense variety. At the same time there are things that are hard for us to appreciate, like their music. Then the game they play most is baseball, which does not make much appeal to an Englishman.

You will notice that I have said nothing so far about geisha girls, cherry blossoms, or Mount Fuji. The geisha girls play an important part in Japanese life, and sometimes in the lives of foreign visitors. People who write in English about the geisha sometimes call them singing-girls, but it would perhaps be better to describe them as professional entertainers, or, if you like, professional makers of whoopee. Social life in Japan is not run on the same lines as ours, and over there, if you want to entertain your friends or business colleagues, it is very convenient to go to a geisha-house. They run things very well. You can have a bath and a change of clothes, and, of course, a special room to dine in. The geisha come and wait on you and pour out your drinks. As you are all sitting on the floor together, and as it is their job, they get very matey. They also sing and dance. They are caught very young, and their training sometimes begins when they are only seven years old. There is, of course, no limit to what a pretty and clever girl can do, and if she is lucky she may get bought out eventually by some rich admirer. Some of the girls certainly have very sharp wits, and while they are making wisecracks they learn to read any man's character almost at a glance, and to make a shrewd guess at his income as well. Set rather apart, though, from the hurly-burly of everyday life, they stand for pleasure and romance. In the past their quaintness has been rather overstressed, especi-



A geisha girl

Photograph by the Author

ally by Pierre Loti, in *Madame Chrysanthème*. It has been suggested that Loti's books were partly responsible for the Russo-Japanese War. His writings were certainly read in Russian Court circles, and could only have made the Japanese seem not worth taking seriously. Don't think of the Japanese in terms of all that *Madam Butterfly* business, and don't rush to the other extreme and get too worked up about the Yellow Peril, because those are only one-sided ways of considering a complex people.

As far as the political side of things is concerned, I should think that to a Fascist Japan would seem like Paradise and to a Communist like Hell. To a person with ordinary English liberal and democratic ideas the political atmosphere is certainly far from sympathetic. One thing I am quite sure of, and that is, that even after living in the country for some time and studying the people, it is very hard for an outsider to understand them and their difficulties, and that we ought to be careful not to make hasty judgments. The Japanese are very proud and very ambitious; their patriotism is like a religion, so that if or when they go to war again it will be a sort of religious war; and I think nothing disturbs

them more, either as individuals or in the mass, than any suspicion that they are being slighted.

Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on February 14, Mr. Oliver Baldwin recommended the following films, the first three of which are due for general release:—

THIS DAY AND AGE (American)—'looks at first like a direct crib of "Emil and the Detectives", for its plot is roughly the revolt of youth against an individual who runs all the graft and racketeering in a big American city. The leads are played by Charles Bickford and Richard Cromwell, and the picture is certainly a good piece of entertainment. The general level of direction, photography and scenario is as high as we have learnt to expect, from American pictures of the 1933 class'.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (British)—'This picture has become very well-known. The photography is by Georges Perinal, the man who filmed René Clair's masterpieces, and is delightfully clear and satisfying. The story is not so good, and the dialogue is as modern as you might expect for a picture with such a title. Charles Laughton gives us a very interesting picture of Henry in his lighter moments, though when he, a most ardent Welshman, exclaims "Thank God I am an Englishman!" we realise that historical accuracy is not the object of the film. The sets are really fine and were designed by Vincent Korda.

POWER AND GLORY (American)—'I enjoyed this thoroughly. It stars Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore and is excellently directed by William K. Howard. The story deals with the life of a man who rose from nothing to become the head of a railway. He rose by the force of his own personality, and in that rising he did not care whom he hurt or whom he smashed. You cannot fail to find it an interesting tale, and the way it is told is something novel in the way of cinema pictures'.

ANNA AND ELISABETH (German)—stars Dorothea Wieck and Hertha Thiele. The story is quite original and deals with the amazing faith that the German peasantry can have in a seeming miracle. The first part of the film moves a bit too slowly for my liking, but once under weigh there is no looking back, and the pathos and drama are strong and natural'.

'Seven Days' Hard'

By ROSE MACAULAY

Broadcast on February 17

WE have been, most of the week, enveloped in fog. This fog seems to me to be rather symbolic; the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual mist which enwraps our understandings and makes it so difficult to know, just now, what anyone is doing, including oneself, or why, or what is the answer to any question. We don't, for instance, really know in the least what is happening abroad, because all the foreign newspapers say different and quite opposed things. At home we don't even yet know how we ought to pronounce the English language; the rumblings of the eternal pronunciation battle still are heard; still angry Britons from all parts of the country and the Empire write to their newspapers to abuse either the old traditional or the new phonetic pronunciation of disputable words: Cundit or Condewit, offen or often, soffen or soften. Why people, particularly the supporters of the new and phonetic school, get so angry about it, I don't really know, except that *odium linguisticum*, like *odium theologicum*, seems one of the primitive human hatreds. Billingsgate (I read in the paper today) is no longer talked in the fish-market of that name: but it is certainly bandied to and fro between opposing schools of the pronouncers of the English language. We may be sure that there will be plenty of abuse forthcoming for us whatever words we pronounce in whatever way.

I have noticed also again this week that curious fog and uncertainty which envelops the fate of motorists who take human life. Does it depend on what judge happens to sit on the case, or what mood he happens to be in, or what? Here are two cases of which I read this week; I give them to you side by side. One was that of a lorry-driver who had been involved in a collision in which a man was killed, and had been declared by his doctor and by the police, after examination, to have been under the influence of drink and consequently unfit to drive. The Judge told the doctor in court that it seemed to him unfair to have given this evidence against his own patient, from whom he had taken a fee. 'Do you think that was quite nice?' the Judge enquired, and directed the jury to find the prisoner Not Guilty of manslaughter. He was found not guilty, and discharged on all counts.

The other case was that of a driver who had been driving too fast round a corner on a country road, had seen some children too late to avoid them, had tried to do so by swerving across the road into a telegraph pole, ricocheted back from this, and killed a child: one of those tragic and fearful happenings which occur every day, and will do so as long as we are allowed to drive as fast as we like. Usually the driver seems to be dismissed without a stain on his character; but in this case (it was a woman) she was sent to prison for nine months and refused leave to appeal. Well, I am all for motorists who take life being sent to prison, for, speaking as a motorist myself, I feel pretty sure we have no business whatever on the public highways with these lethal machines of ours. We should have special tracks, like trains, and keep to them. Only it does seem perhaps a little capricious to pick out and send to jail one driver, accused of nothing but the too rapid taking of a corner—a great crime, I agree, but all too common. Perhaps the idea is to make an example of one in, say, a thousand. But who shall try to explain the vagaries of our judicature? Certainly not I. If I began to do so, I might find myself in jail, for contempt of court. Meanwhile, we drive about in complete uncertainty as to whether the slaying of our victims will land us in prison, or be rewarded by a compliment from the Bench. Really, life is very difficult.

And literature, too, is in a fog. That is to say, there is also still too much uncertainty hanging about as to what books we shall read. I must say, I do like to be told this quite definitely; it saves so much trouble. We have, of course, our Book of the Month Club, and various newspapers have also now entered the business and undertaken to tell us which is the best book each month or week, and occasionally a Cabinet Minister weighs in with a mention of what he enjoys reading. This last week, for instance, Mr. Baldwin was quoted as having said that he enjoyed the books of a certain well-known and distinguished writer. This was reported with much excitement by one of our—shall I say simpler?—Sunday papers, which had not, appar-

ently, heard of the writer before, but predicted that she would now sell in her hundreds of thousands, just as the novelist Mary Webb did when Mr. Baldwin praised her. The newspaper in question seemed to think that both Mary Webb and Miss Helen Waddell, the writer mentioned recently by Mr. Baldwin, had been 'unknown', as it put it, until thus made famous. I can only suppose that newspapers use the word 'unknown' as it is used by the authors of the guide books which bear such titles as *Unknown Britain*, *Unknown France*, *Unknown Surrey, Kent or Middlesex*. The word 'unknown' is not absolute; unknown by whom, is always the question.

But this matter of the effect of the tastes in reading of Cabinet Ministers is interesting. Perhaps, in the sphere of letters, as in other spheres, a dictator is what we need. And, of course, we must be told what *not* to read. Both Herr Hitler and His Holiness the Pope have done pretty well at that this last week, for Herr Hitler has definitely discouraged the study of the Bible by dissolving the Bible Students' Society, and is reported to be recommending instead the new Nazi edition of this work, with all mention of Jews deleted. The Pope has retaliated by putting various German books, possibly including this last, on the Index. There's no fog abroad; foreigners have the advantage of being told exactly what to do and what to abstain from doing. They, at least, know where they get off.

There is a little fog here surrounding the Codex Sinaiticus. We don't quite know what it is, nor why we have acquired it, nor whether we are doing well to subscribe towards the keep of this expensive pet or not. Pennies continue to drop, a little dubiously, into the Codex collecting box at the Museum, where a solemn queue walks round the rather puzzling object under the glass case, thinking, perhaps, that anything which cost so much, and which an Archimandrite is demanding back as stolen property, must, in spite of its rather unappetising appearance, be worth having. It has been said, and I think rightly, that you can get money out of the British public for practically anything. British money really does seem to be inexhaustible. Here's Bexhill-on-Sea, for instance, building itself a new sea front which is to cost £64,000, and which it appears, from the protests of the natives, that they do not want. And here's Mr. Cochran not merely demanding and getting two pounds ten for stalls for the first night of Mr. Noel Coward's new play, but keeping the date of the first night wrapped in mystery until just beforehand, and announcing that no money would be refunded to those who had bought seats and then found that they could not use them owing to previous engagements. And yet, so much loose cash has the British public, that the whole house was sold out, even in these adverse conditions, the moment the Box Office opened. If we pay for our amusements on this scale, no wonder we complain of poverty. But at least we should be able to afford the minimum milk and meals for children now being urged on the Government, and be able to raise enough money for the Foundling Site.

But are we really poor? The Trade Reports issued this week inform us that our exports and imports have increased. And more beer has been consumed, and more cosmetics bought, and this without lessening our savings, for the amount deposited in the Trustees' Savings Banks appears to have increased by several millions. And look at the fabulous sums people keep defrauding one another of, and smashing and grabbing, in the form of jewellery, from shop windows. No: we can't really be poor, if whenever we want to add another Codex to our national collection of these objects, we can afford to do so: nor if we actually buy even a fraction of the horrid-looking things advertised and exhibited in shops. By the way, I wish someone would tell me why shops always now seem to call themselves 'stores'? One reads daily of 'raids on west-end stores'. The good old English noun 'shop' seems to be falling into complete oblivion. I suppose we shall soon also lose the verb, and speak of storing instead of shopping. It is all part of the widespread fog into which the English language seems to be falling.

The English language, I fear, and everything else. In a fog I began to compose these somewhat random comments, and in a fog I end them. Let us cling on to one clear point in a misty and dissolving world—the French Cabinet has lasted a whole week.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata

Science and Internationalism

THE League of Nations has recently published a new volume of the series of books and pamphlets in which the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation expresses its views and recommendations on culture*. This body strives to co-ordinate into one grand whole the varied activities of science, art, letters, music and education. In this formidable task it is helped by experts of every kind; it works through numerous committees; it organises conferences, and it publishes their findings in different languages. The new book is raised from the commonplace into which most of this activity, unfortunately, is plunged, by a short but important essay advocating an international policy in science. To many, intellectual co-operation, internationalism, the findings of committees or conferences, even impartial inquiries are not things of abiding joy; truth is so often unpleasant truth. But they would agree that science cannot progress properly except by the fullest internationalism, and that there is a strong case for the application of scientific method in many fields where inertia and inhibitions prevent mankind from reaping where science has sown. The writer of the book is sure that the days of unbridled competition and selfish individualism are over. He wants the ablest men now to work for the whole world, not for their own particular little country, to tackle all the problems in the biological and social sciences as men so successfully have attacked the outstanding difficulties in the natural sciences. He goes into ways and means in an informed way. The best men, he realises, are shy and need encouragement. They may be doing creative work in pure science or running successfully their own businesses. They have to be convinced that, good as their work is, the world needs them to do a greater. It is in the co-operation between experts and statesmen that the hope of the future lies. The former can attack the difficulties dispassionately, trusting their intellects, not their emotions. They must try to get at the truth, however badly they fail, for, as Whately said, it makes all the difference in the world whether they put truth in the first place or in the second place. We are supposed to distrust experts. Nevertheless, in technology, in medicine, in improvements in the methods of transport, by increasing leisure and decreasing poverty, the expert has conferred signal gifts on mankind. The expert who can use his intellect for the whole world, and help to solve on a world scale problems which beset us all, is likely to

be more employed in the future than in the past, for, if not he, then who? 'Statesmen', said General J. C. Smuts, himself a statesman and a philosopher, 'are not enough to solve the problems which arise in international affairs. The nations must become accustomed to look to the organised system of the expert report, which gives a just and impartial lead to governments and public opinion and should be regularly accepted just as judicial decisions are accepted as a matter of course. . . . The mature, sober, impartial spirit of science is what is above all else necessary for the functioning of the new international system'.

But with all the science in the world applied to human affairs the task of the future will never be easy. Nations like to continue behaving as they have always behaved and living as they have always lived. It is not even certain that the present freedom of action, of belief, of thought and of speech will continue everywhere. The methods of science are most likely to make headway against the problems for which they are fitted if it is realised by all that there are things which should not be internationalised—things personal and local and national which would thereby be ruined. Love of friends and of home; all individual experiences such as of religion or beauty or art or humour; all things, indeed, about which we *feel* as opposed to think, might well be spared by international committees of intellectual co-operation. The case is weakened if experiences which are common to mankind and about which educated people are in agreement are not sharply distinguished from those individual experiences, no less real, on which there is no point in reaching universal assent. The former are amenable to science and its methods and can become richer by being studied intellectually and the results applied universally; with the others, science and internationalism have nothing to do.

The King of the Belgians

The tribute broadcast on February 18 by Sir John Simon

YESTERDAY afternoon, King Albert, the King of the Belgians, who was so well known and so much admired in this country, while climbing alone in a mountainous district in Belgium, near Namur, lost his footing, fell and was instantly killed. His dead body was only found at two o'clock this morning, at the bottom of a deep ravine, with mortal wounds in the head.

King Albert, who was fifty-eight years old, had reigned over Belgium for a quarter of a century. His leadership and his character made him immensely beloved by his people. He was one of the great figures of the War, and it is not too much to say that he both embodied and inspired the determination of the little country over which he ruled. With his subjects he shared every danger and every privation; and Belgium's deliverance, so far as it depended on her own efforts, was due before all else to his imperturbable courage and firm statesmanship. He often visited our own country, and we admired him for what he was—not only a wise ruler and a devoted patriot, but a good and kindly man. The British people feel deeply with the people of Belgium in this heavy loss, and many a British home tonight is sending its silent and respectful sympathy to the sorrowing figure of a bereaved Queen. At all times there is a special bond, due to the memory of a common struggle and a common sacrifice, which unites the British and the Belgian peoples. And this sudden tragedy, which has thrown a whole nation into mourning, touches each one of us the more nearly because it brings home the universality of the human lot. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

**Pour une Politique Internationale de la Science.* League of Nations International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, Bulletin 34-35

Week by Week

LAST Thursday, in an address to the Aldwych Club, Sir John Simon made some remarks on broadcasting and foreign affairs which are of particular interest in view of the questions recently asked on the subject in Parliament. 'While it is true', he said, 'that the Foreign Secretary, whoever he may be, naturally takes the closest interest in the news that is thus propagated throughout the country on international affairs, we greatly admire the skill and care which is exhibited in supplying that news, and if I may borrow the traditional language of every King's Speech, "The relations of His Majesty's Government with the B.B.C. continue entirely friendly"'. Of course when to the items of foreign news the B.B.C. adds its comments—which it only does on rare occasions and, I am sure, with the greatest care—then, manifestly, we are dealing with a situation full of possible anxiety'. When the Foreign Secretary mentioned the B.B.C. adding its comments to items of foreign news, he was referring, of course, to explanations by experts selected to broadcast on their special subjects. The B.B.C. is naturally anxious to develop with the various Departments of State the most effective liaison consistent with the preservation of its independence and political impartiality. 'In the first place', Sir John Simon continued, 'there are a great many foreigners who still persist in the error—and long may it be an error—that the B.B.C. pronouncements are somehow inspired by the Government. It is not so, and for my part never will be so. I must add that it sometimes is beyond human skill two or three hours after the news of some sudden shocking or serious event, when indeed the news itself will necessarily be imperfect, at once to pronounce a mature, wise judgment on that situation. But, after all, there is a frailty which attaches to every human judgment, and I think the great mass of the public will understand the situation and will take what is offered for what it is. If once or twice one has been tempted to wish that the B.B.C. practised that Parliamentary artifice invaluable to Ministers of the Crown of saying, "I should like notice of that question", on the other hand, it is certainly the case that a great public service like this is bound to deal with the matter while it is fresh. There is no reason at all why this new, enormously powerful and invaluable instrument should not be used, as I am sure it is the intention of the directors to continue to see that it is used, at once in the interests of candour and frank opinion and in the interests of the widest public welfare. I repeat that, for my part, in express terms, whatever be the best treatment of the question of comment on foreign news, I am quite convinced that the solution is not to be found in giving the Government of the day the power and the duty to direct what is said'.

* * *

It must be many years since London has had an opportunity of seeing such a representative collection of porcelain as is now on view at the Loan Exhibition of 'Porcelain Through the Ages' in Sir Philip Sassoon's house at 25 Park Lane. Perhaps that term 'through the ages' suggests a wider scope than it ought; for it is only in China that porcelain has had an age-long history, reaching back to the tenth century or further. Europe entered the field only at the eleventh hour when, after several generations of collectors had familiarised her princes and nobility with the Chinese product, means was found to transplant the art to the famous factories of Sèvres and Dresden. So for a while—a mere fifty years or so—porcelain-making flourished under aristocratic patronage, until the blight of industrialism destroyed simultaneously both the craftsman and the market which he had supplied. From about 1830 onwards Dresden and Sèvres degenerated *pari passu* with the porcelain factories of China at the other end of the world. But what a feast is left to us—in spite of the fragility which is always lessening its remains! In this Exhibition Chinese porcelain can be studied from the tenth to the nineteenth centuries, including magnificent 'pots' of the Sung and Ming periods. From the sixteenth century onwards examples began to be brought home to Europe by the Dutch and Portuguese, some of which reached the English Court. Although the first European porcelain was made in France, England achieved success in the late eighteenth century with the products of Worcester, Spode, Chelsea, and so forth, whose characteristic

qualities Mr. Gleadowe discusses in his talk this week. The English section of this Exhibition is very satisfying, especially in more 'sculptural' forms, where the human figure, animals and nature generally provide the themes. This should prove one of the most attractive in the series of Exhibitions which Sir Philip Sassoon and Mrs. Gubbay have organised, and the Royal Northern Hospital (which they are to aid) should benefit accordingly. Illustrations will be found on page 315.

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If the average rate of emigration for the five years before the War had been maintained, 3,000,000 more emigrants would have left Great Britain. This fact suggests that Empire Settlement might go far to solve our unemployment problem. The Empire Development and Settlement Research Committee have now issued a report* containing practical recommendations. Any plan to benefit this country must also consider the welfare of the Dominions, and the report therefore stresses the fields to be concentrated upon, where man-power is most needed, whether to maintain a weak strategical position or to develop a sparsely populated country. On our side the need is clear. If we are to make any impression on the population question, the settlement plan must be dealt with on a grand scale. But too much disappointment has been caused in the past by vague promises or ill-managed plans. Government paternalism must be backed by detailed constructive work—and for this the report recommends the formation of a chartered company, financed by private capital, the interest on which for a period of years it would be necessary for the Government to guarantee. But this liability, if called upon, should not exceed the annual migration grant of £3,000,000 in any one year. If justification is needed for reliance upon private enterprise in such work, there is the example of the Eldorado settlement in the Argentine which owes its success to the enterprise of a single business man. The plan now contemplated is the construction of community settlements in new areas. Chains of villages of fifty settlers each would be built, radiating out from a central village which could be expanded when necessary into a town. In this way the conversion of an urban population into a rural and primary producing one, might be accomplished without the depressing and devitalising effects of loneliness. The psychological element is of the utmost importance and it is in its recognition of this fact that the report has its particular value. Intending settlers must know the realities of the new conditions they are going out to face, if many of the tragic failures of the past are to be avoided; and for this purpose it is recommended that they should be carefully selected and trained before departure.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes:—A remarkably large proportion of Scotland's population is absorbed just now in the progress of the preliminary festivals of the Community Drama Association. Our abundant interest in this type of activity may be a matter for wonder in the South, but students of the national character have always been aware of that quality in the racial make-up, excellently described by Mr. Walter Elliot as 'furious', which only awaited this pleasant opportunity of release. In its first phase, enthusiasm for Community Drama was much of a merely fashionable and almost snobbish cult; so it is all to the good that the mere enthusiast is now deserting, leaving a smaller number of clubs to carry on intelligent study and interpretation of the drama, with a consequent improvement of the general standard of performance. Whatever the future of the movement, it has had its effects on the life of the country, and one of the most interesting of these is a revival of public pageantry. The eagerness with which the Border towns, for instance, now observe their traditional ceremonies can fairly be related to the new dramatic impulse, and a cognate development is the preparation now in progress for a great Pageant of Ayrshire to be staged in the county capital in June. There is rich material in the history of this shire. Celebrities so varied as Wallace, Robert the Bruce, Burns, and the Covenanters cross the scene, and the indications are that the possibilities are being intelligently exploited. One agreeable by-product of the pageant is an invitation to Scottish poets to take part in a contest for an appropriate prologue.

*The Redistribution of the Population of the British Empire. To be obtained from 18, Abingdon Street, S.W. 1

Foreign Affairs

Stormy Days in Paris and Vienna

By VERNON BARTLETT

Broadcast on February 15

I BELIEVE the Paris crisis is one of the most important things that has happened on the Continent for many months. It is not easy to get a very clear idea about it. The majority of Frenchmen certainly have not got one themselves.

What was it all about? In what way does it affect us? That's what I want to get at. Here is what M. Doumergue, the new French Prime Minister, said about the French parliament a week or two ago. He called it a 'dictatorship of 600 deputies who for four years are responsible to nobody and who, thus losing touch with the nation, sometimes place themselves at the service of private interests'. That sums it all up very well.

I still believe France is the most democratic of the great nations. I believe, too, that there is plenty of liberty, despite the immense number of fussy little officials who make it so difficult to register a piece of luggage or to buy a postage stamp. But the very fact that in the past France has led the world along new paths has made her more frightened of change than any other country I know, even when some of these paths lead to serious and obvious abuses.

Let me give only one example which had a good deal to do with the recent fighting. Thanks to the sacred word 'liberty' you may print the most incredible attacks on your enemies. For weeks past the Royalist paper *L'Action Française* had quite deliberately been inciting its young readers to murder. The insults it attaches to the names of members of the government it does not like could not, in many cases, even be printed in England. Each day now it regrets that M. Daladier and M. Frot, the Minister of the Interior in the last government—'bloody-handed Frot', as it always calls him—have not been tried by court-martial and executed. The Communist papers, on the other side, are just as extreme, but nobody does anything about it because there has to be liberty to express one's opinion. And just because I believe freedom of speech to be one of the most important tests of civilisation, I regret the licence you get in France, for one extreme so inevitably leads to the opposite extreme. We hear more of political scandals in France than we do of those in other countries just because the papers print what they like without fear of the laws of libel. But inevitably the younger generation, reading of them, tends to think the whole parliamentary system is hopelessly corrupt, and to believe in other and anti-democratic methods instead.

There is another feature about French politics which increases corruption but which cannot easily be changed because of the sacred principles of the revolution. In Great Britain we elect a Parliament less frequently than they do in France, but every Member knows that if he indulges in the sport of overthrowing the government just for the fun of the thing he will have to face the worry and expense of a new general election. Consequently a government is not in much danger of being turned out of office except on some serious charge.

In France, as M. Doumergue points out, they do things the other way round. Deputies are absolutely safe for four years. They can turn out the government as often as they like, and all that it involves for the individual deputy is that each change increases the possibility that he will himself one day become a minister. Inevitably this system leads to the formation of groups who forget that the making or unmaking of ministries is not so important as the good government of the country. Inevitably, too, the system encourages corruption among these groups, and scandals such as the Stavisky affair, which has so disturbed decent Frenchmen during the past few weeks.

There are many people in France who believe that their system of government must be changed, and M. Doumergue is one. He wants a better balance between the executive power of the government and the legislative power of the parliament—the British system of dissolution of parliament, in fact. And he knows as well as any younger Frenchman who is not directly mixed up in the parliamentary machine that the future of democracy in France depends upon the destruction of this wall between the politicians and the people. But will he succeed? He has against him a very deep-rooted prejudice. The constitution does not rule out the dissolution of parliament, but the only time it has been tried its results were very unfortunate. That was over fifty years ago when President MacMahon dissolved

the Chamber in the hope of a great swing towards a monarchy and the elections resulted in a great swing away from it. That one example frightens the more progressive parties because it was used for reactionary reasons, and the more reactionary parties because its result was progressive.

Ordinary, middle-class, middle-aged ex-soldiers were among the fiercest fighters on the Place de la Concorde, and with them fought young men who were at school when the War ended. The alliance between these two groups means that the discontent with the present crowd in parliament and the desire for an entirely new set of rulers is very widespread. When M. Doumergue first arrived in Paris—dragged away only by a sense of national duty from a well-earned retirement—he proposed to form a government consisting entirely of ex-Prime Ministers. That would have been a remarkable achievement, even in France where ex-Premiers are so plentiful, but it would have been a disappointment. Then he was said to have in mind a ministry consisting solely of experts, because they were more likely to be unsullied by scandal than politicians. But that, too, came to nothing. In the end this courageous old gentleman of seventy-one has managed to bring men whose views are as bitterly opposed as M. Tardieu and M. Herriot together in the same ministry. If the old names still carry weight in France, M. Doumergue has formed the strongest government for years.

And yet many Frenchmen believe that is not enough. There is too deep a feeling that the political parties are only uniting against a common danger—the anger of the man in the street—and that when the anger has died down the same bad old business will begin again after M. Doumergue has got the budget passed—which will not be easy, because the left-wing members of his government are bitterly opposed to further wage cuts, especially in the civil service, while the other members of it will argue that the Frenchman cannot pay another sou in taxes. I don't suppose the crisis will become acute again for several months. But I don't think it will be solved altogether unless he can get the idea of the dissolution of parliament when a government is defeated accepted as part of the normal routine.

Unless democracy can make changes of this sort to keep up with changing ideas, it is not going to get the support of the younger generation. The easiest and the most dangerous thing in the world is to underestimate the power of an opponent. Some people told you in 1914 that the War would be over in three months. Some people tell you that I am pro-Nazi because I refuse to agree that Hitlerism is based solely on tyranny and therefore must collapse. The fact that many of these critics have not been near Germany since the revolution does not prevent them from accusing me of being biased. Well, I am biased to this extent, that I am convinced democracy must somehow find a way of appealing to the younger generation if it is to survive. The growth of a vague kind of Fascism in France is a very significant fact. I am biased by the belief that democracy will succeed provided our democrats don't waste all their time telling the youth of the nation that any attempt to find new ways of dealing with national or international problems must fail. Because youth won't believe them and will turn to doctrines in which force plays a larger part than reason.

And now a word about Austria. I feel bitter when I'm told that I am an enemy of Austria, for I have so often said that if I did not live in London I would rather live in Vienna than in any other city of the world. I said a few weeks ago that we must never forget that Austria is German, and that is supposed to be an attack on Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor. But Dr. Dollfuss himself has emphasised the fact of that Austro-German relationship every time I have seen him. I am so fond of his little country that I find it very hard to talk tonight about the civil war raging there at this moment. One saw it coming. One urged time after time that unless Austria's neighbours and the Great Powers did something definite to increase her trade and to make her independence economically possible, there must be this bitter struggle between a capital that is too large and a country that is too small. That struggle has come and the Socialists of the cities are being crushed. I suppose from now onwards there will be the Nazis and the Heimwehr facing each other in the country in which, more than anywhere else in Europe, hatred and fighting seem out of place.



Part of the surface plant at the Roan Antelope Copper Mines in Northern Rhodesia

*By courtesy of Roan Antelope Copper Mines, Ltd.**The Colonial Empire—VI**Economic Expansion of British Rule in Africa*

By I. L. EVANS

WHEN the scramble for Africa began, in 1884, the peoples of Western Europe were already well advanced in the industrial and railway age, and before very long motor-cars and aeroplanes were also to do their share in overcoming the handicaps of distance and of time. This meant that, when the European penetration of Africa began in earnest, it could take place at lightning speed.

That is one side—the European side—of the question. On the other is the African. These dependencies of ours contain an almost infinite variety of climates and of peoples. If you look at a map of West Africa, you will see that our four Colonies and Protectorates there are separated from one another, and really form what I might call islands in a sea of French possessions. In East Africa you will find the Protectorate of Zanzibar, consisting of coral islands, with a very mixed population, whose life depends upon the clove industry and, to a lesser extent, upon copra—the dried kernel of the coconut, rich in oil. On the mainland there is the large mandated territory of Tanganyika, with five million natives in many varying stages of economic development, and with a small European population which grows sisal hemp and coffee. Round the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, the local natives have also learned to grow coffee of good quality, and, near the southern shores of Victoria Nyanza, coffee less good but more abundant in quantity. In Kenya Colony the export crops—coffee, sisal, tea, maize and even butter—are produced for the most part by European planters and settlers: but, while most of the natives grow crops for local consumption, others, like the Masai, live a nomadic life with their vast herds of cattle. Here, in the main, the tribal and economic life of the natives remains fairly primitive; but in the rich lowlands of Uganda, political organisation is more developed and economic progress has been very marked. Today the jovial inhabitants of Uganda send each year something like a quarter-of-a-million bales of cotton on to the world market.

I will not weary you with a bird's-eye view of every one of these Dependencies of ours. There are twelve of them altogether; but, apart from this imposing array of territories, each with an administrative and financial life of its own, we have a picture of an infinite variety of peoples, and of stages of development. The density of population, for example, varies, according to the nature of the soil and the amount of water available, from over one thousand to under one to the square mile. The peoples vary from the most primitive hill pagans—such, for instance, as one finds in the Nuba Mountains of the Sudan, or in the plateau of Northern Nigeria: people who hide in their outlandish little valleys a nakedness of which they have not learned as yet to be ashamed—to the

Muslims of Omdurman or of Kano, clad in flowing robes; or to the Christian barristers and doctors of the West Coast, whose clothes are sometimes models of sartorial skill. There is endless variety, too, in stages of economic development, from the nomads of Kordofan and Northern Nigeria, who wander with their herds of cattle or of camels: through the half-nomad pastoralists: to the settled cultivators, with their hand-hoes, who now, in lands so far removed from one another as Uganda, Northern Rhodesia and Northern Nigeria, have begun to use the plough. In view of this endless variety of racial admixture, economic life and social and political structure, you will see at once how difficult it is to generalise about these forty million Africans.

The point I want to emphasise at the outset is that of the contrast between the European of the last fifty years, confident in the virtue of individual enterprise, and equipped with all the paraphernalia of modern industrialism: and a great variety of native peoples in various stages of development, but almost all of whom are organised on tribal—that is to say, on communalistic—lines, and whose life is rooted to the soil, whether as cultivators or as pastoralists. This contrast, in itself most striking, is intensified by the fact that governors and governed knew exceedingly little about each other. It follows that African administration, in this first half-century, has been highly experimental; and this is true in the sphere of economics, no less than in that of government in the narrower sense.

In actual fact, however, economic development has been very much an affair of government in Africa: and necessarily so, for administration costs money: money must be raised by taxation: and this, from the point of view of the individual taxpayer, calls for a surplus of production over consumption and a market for that surplus. As the administration comes from outside, funds must be available abroad to pay for it. This, in turn, means the encouragement of exports.

The position has, of course, been complicated by the fact that, while Western Europe had for centuries been living on the basis of a money economy, most of Tropical Africa had not got beyond the stage of the self-sufficing village community. Exports—whether of minerals or of agricultural products—had therefore to be encouraged actively by government: and, in order to get these commodities on to the world market, improved facilities of transport were essential.

The first important chapter in the modern economic history of Africa is thus the building of railways. They were encouraged by Joseph Chamberlain who, as Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1895 to 1902, was the first British statesman to take a large view of the economic potentialities of these undeveloped estates of empire. To safeguard our position on the headwaters of the Nile, the British Government itself provided the funds, amounting to over five million

pounds, for the construction of a railway from Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, to Kisumu on Victoria Nyanza, nearly six hundred miles away. This line was completed in 1902. It not only established rapid connection, by rail and lake steamer, with the Protectorate of Uganda, but also opened up the highlands of East Africa to European enterprise. In 1896 a beginning was made with the construction of the first great trunk line in what is now called Nigeria. This was paid for out of the proceeds of loans raised by the Colony itself, and, by 1912, it had been extended for a full seven hundred miles to Kano, the great market of the north. In South Central Africa, the British South Africa Company, under the vigorous leadership of Cecil Rhodes, actively encouraged railroad construction, and, by 1897, through connection was established between Bulawayo and South Africa. The line was pushed on ever northwards till it reached the borders of the Belgian Congo before the end of 1909. Unlike the railways of East and West Africa, these lines were constructed by private enterprise—though with the assistance of a governing company—and today the copper of Northern Rhodesia finds its way to the sea at Beira over the privately-owned system of the Rhodesia Railways. A railway outlet for little Nyasaland came later, and is only now being completed by the great bridge across the Zambesi, in Portuguese territory, which will provide the final link between Lake Nyasa and the sea. This last of the great trunk lines of Africa was built in sections by private companies which have been assisted by Government in raising the necessary capital and in meeting their interest charges.

Everywhere the advent of the railway gave an immediate impetus to trade and greatly simplified the work of government. The days of head portage were numbered, and, with the further development of rail and road, the foreign trade of these dependencies increased by leaps and bounds. Take, for example, the four West African Colonies. Their total of imports and exports rose from an annual average of only six-and-a-quarter million pounds in the last years of the nineteenth century, to over fifty-eight million pounds in the period 1924-1928. During these years the Gold Coast natives became the biggest producers of cocoa in the world; and ground nuts, palm oil, cocoa and tin came in increasing quantities from Nigeria to the markets of Europe and America.

The development of railways called for improved facilities for handling goods at the sea-coast, and some of the Colonial governments have spent millions of pounds in building and equipping first-class modern harbours such as the one at Takoradi on the Gold Coast, Lagos in Nigeria, Mombasa in Kenya, and Port Sudan, on the Red Sea. But the share of government in economic development is not limited to the railways and harbours. Each of these dependencies has an Agricultural Department which experiments with economic crops and engages in propaganda for their cultivation and improvement. In accordance with the general trend of the times, particular attention has nearly always been paid, until quite recently, to those crops which will most readily find a market abroad.

In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the Government has not only built railways and encouraged research, but has also undertaken a large-scale irrigation scheme which, up to the present, stands alone in Tropical Africa. A large dam was built at Sennar on the Blue Nile, one hundred and seventy miles to the south-east of Khartoum, and the water is taken in numberless channels to irrigate the rich but arid region of the Gezira, which lies between the Blue Nile and the White Nile. Here cotton of good quality is grown, and native food-crops as well. The dam was completed in 1925, and the whole undertaking cost the Government over eleven million pounds. The scheme is an interesting one. The rights of the original owners of the land were respected, and the existing cultivators are all natives. The Government provides the water, and its managing agents, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, plough the land, find the seed, gin the cotton and market the crop. The proceeds are then divided amongst the cultivators, who receive 40 per cent. in addition, of course, to their food and fodder crops; the Government, which receives 35 per cent.; and the Syndicate, which receives the balance of 25 per cent. It is an ingenious form of co-partnership on a large scale, though its financial success is naturally bound up with the world price of cotton.

The principal result of these activities has been to make

large numbers of the natives of Tropical Africa dependent, in varying but increasing measure, upon the mysterious fluctuations of the world market. Their economic isolation has been largely broken down. During the recent years of world depression, this fact was brought home to many of them in somewhat disconcerting fashion, for they found that they were receiving less and less for their cash crops, such as cocoa, coffee, cotton and palm products. It was often a hard task to make them realise that the whole business wasn't a deliberate attempt to cheat them. The position was, of course, particularly serious in those districts where they had gone in most wholeheartedly for the production of crops for export: there, during the boom years they had done exceedingly well; in the lean years there came a rude awakening.

The lesson of all this has not been lost on our administrations. Indeed, for many years past the Agricultural Department of Nigeria, for example, had realised the dangers of a too exclusive reliance on the markets of the outside world, and had been experimenting with schemes for the improvement of native food crops. African agriculture is usually exceedingly primitive and, in very many places, is based on shifting cultivation. Where there is plenty of land, a small group of natives will settle in one place for three to five years: take all it can from the soil without putting anything back; and then move on. If they could be persuaded to adopt a rotation of crops suitable to local conditions, they would be able to stay in one place. Their standard of cultivation would improve, and so would their general standard of living. With a greater variety of crops, they would have a more varied diet: settled in one place they would be able to build better huts; and these things would react most favourably upon their health and general well-being. Everything, of course, depends upon persuading them to adopt a suitable rotation: and here crops for export—like groundnuts or cotton—would figure as part of a wider and more comprehensive scheme. After years of preliminary research work, a policy on these general lines is being actively pursued in several parts of British Tropical Africa. Its adoption on a large scale will call for many many more years of patient propaganda, for it is not easy to change the settled habits of centuries. But in this way it would seem possible to maintain and even to increase the volume of agricultural exports, without making the African native too exclusively dependent upon the vagaries of the world market. Moreover, economic development of this kind should lead to marked improvement in health and social conditions generally.

Shifting cultivation is by no means the only great hindrance to the development of rural Africa. Over wide tracts of the Continent, stock raising is one of the principal occupations. The average Bantu-speaking African regards cattle as almost the only form of wealth. He therefore thinks in terms of numbers and not of quality. And now the White Man comes on the scene, and veterinary science succeeds in stamping out, one by one, the cattle diseases which had previously acted as a check on the wholesale increase of the native herds. In many districts overstocking is already chronic. This leads to overgrazing, and when the soil loses the protection of its covering of grasses it is liable to be washed away by the torrential downpourings of rain which are so characteristic of the wet season in the Tropics. So in many parts—and, amongst them, some of the best parts of East Africa—soil erosion is already becoming a very serious matter. It can only be checked by education and propaganda, with a view to changing the native attitude towards cattle and also, be it added, towards life itself. And this may be a very slow process.

Over wide areas of Tropical Africa, however, the tsetse fly, which is a carrier of trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness, makes cattle-raising impossible. These areas are largely immune from soil erosion because in them all forms of human activity are made most difficult. But anti-tsetse work is being carried out, so far as funds allow, with a view to opening up these areas to economic development in the future.

I cannot go further here into the maze of problems inherent in my subject. You will, however, have noticed the supreme importance of government initiative in every direction: and also the close connection between economic development, scientific research, education and public health. Colonial administration is indeed a many-sided business.

In addition to the activities of Government, there have, of course, been various other European agencies which have

promoted economic development, of one form or another, in the African continent. First, in point of time, came the missionaries. Their little stations, established in the midst of primitive peoples, were in some ways not unlike the monasteries of savage Europe in the dark and early Middle Ages. They brought with them a new mode of living, with new needs, economic no less than spiritual; and they introduced new crafts, and often new methods of agriculture as well. There were also the traders, offering trinkets, attractive to the native eye, in return for local products. They promoted that exchange of goods which is the basis of modern economic life: and, as the years went by, commercial firms expanded these activities, and now serve as intermediaries for what has become a very considerable volume of trade, both of imports and of exports.

The mineral wealth of British Tropical Africa, or, at least, that part of it which is already known and which can also be exploited on a profit-making basis, is at present limited to a few areas, though, of course, the influence of the mines, both as employers of native labour and as taxpayers, extends far beyond the mines themselves. Natives often come hundreds of miles in search of work, and the financial position of at least one of these territories is largely dependent, directly and indirectly, upon the prospects of its mines. In West Africa, the gold mines of the Gold Coast have recently been attracting much attention on the London Stock Exchange, while the tin mines of Nigeria, though their output has been seriously reduced under the international tin control scheme, are still of more than local importance. In East Africa things are very largely in the experimental stage, and the future of the Kakamega goldfield, near the shores of Lake Victoria, will be watched with interest, in Kenya and elsewhere. The mineral belt of Northern Rhodesia, on the other hand, has already taken its place amongst the important copper producing centres of the world. The richness of the ore, the efficiency of very modern technique, and the existence of a plentiful supply of native labour, which is at once cheap and surprisingly quick to learn, more than counterbalance the fact that these mines are situated in the heart of Central Africa, some fifteen hundred miles from the sea. But important as these various mines undoubtedly are, they do little, even so, to change the essentially agricultural and pastoral character of our African Tropics.

In West Africa, agricultural production is carried on entirely by native cultivators. In Nigeria, for example, no European is allowed to own land in the northern provinces, and it is made exceedingly difficult for him to do so in the south. The rapid development of cocoa farming on the Gold Coast is breaking down the old communal system of land holding, and preparing the way for individual tenure—but the land remains, as ever, in native hands.

In East Africa, taken as a whole, native cultivation is also the rule. African agriculture is a risky business and the cultivator has to contend with seasons of drought and periodic invasions of locusts. The native is here at an advantage, since his wants are small and his overhead costs are nil—unless we reckon the government tax in that category, and even this has

often to be reduced or remitted altogether in years of acute depression. The Uganda cotton crop and much of the coffee from Tanganyika are native-grown.

In the highlands of Kenya, on the other hand, a considerable tract of land, great parts of which were then almost empty of inhabitants, was alienated to Europeans soon after the railway line was opened in 1902. Most of these areas of European occupation are situated at from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, and lie close to the Equator. In the lower parts of this zone, excellent coffee can be grown, and recent experiments suggest that there should also be a future for tea. These crops demand considerable capital, as well as specialised knowledge—both of the crops themselves and of the handling of native labour—and therefore lend themselves to cultivation on plantation lines. They have the advantage of being valuable in relation to their weight, and can stand relatively high transport costs. In addition to this belt of coffee and of tea, is an area of farming land, where European settlers grow wheat and, above all, maize, and where experiments have

already been made with dairy-farming. Of recent years, locust invasions and the disastrous slump in the world prices of agricultural products have, between them, been a sore trial to these pioneers: and this particular form of economic development is, in any case, still in an experimental stage. The only point that seems quite clear is that in a region which is separated from the sea by from four hundred to five hundred miles of mountain railway, and is at so great a distance from world markets, every effort should be made to concentrate upon the



Drying cocoa in Ashanti

By courtesy of Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Bournville

production of commodities which are valuable in relation to their bulk.

In a general survey of economic development in British Tropical Africa, these areas of white settlement naturally occupy a relatively small space. In the main, the growth of agricultural exports from Tropical Africa has come and must come from an expansion and improvement of native cultivation. The various governments have provided transport and other facilities which have opened up vast areas of territory hitherto but little known. This, of course, has cost money. The public debt of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Kenya, which stood at under twelve million pounds in 1913, had risen to close on seventy million pounds in 1929. To meet the increased interest charges which this involves, these countries must rely more than ever on exports. But, as already suggested, this may perhaps best be done by an all-round increase in agricultural production, of which the development of export crops would only be a part.

With problems in so highly experimental a stage as these are, it would be dangerous to prophesy. I might, however, hazard the guess that the first phase of rapid economic expansion will now be followed by a second phase of consolidation and steady progress. This is much to be desired from every point of view. If anything is certain, however, it is that further work for the education, the health and the general wellbeing of these forty million people in British Tropical Africa is bound to be expensive, and will depend upon their further progress in the economic sphere. For them, as for all of us, the coat must needs be cut according to the cloth.

Whither Britain?—VII

By the Hon. QUINTIN HOGG

I DO not propose to play the part of a prophet and write a detailed history of the next thirty years, like Mr. Wells. As the Dean of Exeter pointed out in this series, there are too many possibilities which we cannot foresee. Nor have I got a past to dispute about or defend, like Mr. Bevin and Mr. Churchill. Nor, like Mr. Shaw, am I preparing to tell you very elaborately that I'm far cleverer than anyone else. 'Whither Britain?' is the question I am asked, and I shall only be concerned with our plans for the future. There are two problems which I mean to try and answer. How are we to preserve peace, and if we succeed in this, how are we to use it? Every speaker in this series has recognised the necessity for preserving peace. I would put it higher even than that. We must avoid violence of all kinds, internal strife at home as surely as war abroad. I don't think the danger is unreal. Look at what has just happened in France and in Austria. Whether there is violence at home in the form of class antagonism, or war abroad, the possibility of progress is gone for a lifetime, perhaps for ever. It should not be beyond the powers of the British people to prevent violence and hatred at home. The remedy is in our own hands. Whenever we hear violence, or (what is the same thing) hatred, preached we must lift up our voices to denounce the preacher as an enemy of mankind. We must not be put off by talk or misled by sympathy. A lover of violence is never a safe friend. Do not believe a man who says he hates the Jew and loves the Christian, or hates the rich and loves the poor. The man who hates the Jew is the enemy of the Christian. The man who hates the rich is the enemy of the poor, even if he uses words like capitalist and worker which arouse our own sympathies or excite our own dislikes, just as surely as the man who does not love the poor is the worst enemy of the rich. Peace on earth comes, and comes only, to men of goodwill.

This brings me to the second part of our defence against violence. It is not enough to have peace at home if we are to have war abroad. I really believe that everyone in Britain knows that, although there are a few malicious people who would have you think the contrary. We finished the last war, as we began it, in the determination that there should never be another. There is no real room for more than one war memorial in a village, nor would there be meaning in more than one Armistice Day celebration in our calendar.

But there is one difficulty which I fear some of us have failed to face. It is sometimes said that Britain can secure the peace of the world. I do not think she can. There are, and there will remain, vast areas of the world over which we can have no control, or at best only a moderating influence. Stalin has prophesied war in two years between Russia and Japan. Some of us fear war in ten years between France and Germany. In the last resort, if we are to be honest, these issues will depend not upon our own endeavours, but upon the Russians, the Japanese, the Germans, and the French.

I think there are two propositions of vital importance to every Briton. The first is that the danger of war between the countries I have named is pressing and real. The second is that we must here and now determine that whatever happens we must not be drawn into it. It seems to me merely silly to pretend that the Germans under Nazi regime are not preparing to fight unless they are given what they want. It seems to me equally silly to pretend that the French are prepared to grant those demands without a fight. And although it may be our duty to do our best to prevent a fight occurring, in the last resort we must make up our minds not to take part in it if it does occur.

We Must Revise our Obligations

We must remember, however, that as matters stand at the moment we are pledged to fight, by Locarno and the League of Nations Covenant. As matters must work out we are pledged to fight on the side of France, for both those instruments guarantee the continuance of the very peace treaties which Germany is out to revise. Now please get this straight. If you are a pacifist you must somehow get rid of these obligations. If you are worthy of any respect, you will get rid of them honourably. I do not believe the task is beyond the skill of

British Diplomacy. This policy does not mean what is called pacificism. It has never been shown, nor will it ever be shown, that it is wrong to use force in defence of something that matters. I believe it is right to fight for what is called 'one's King and Country'. But it is against nature that you or I should be called upon to fight for somebody else's King and Country. That is what our statesmen have committed us to do. We must not scrap the League. That would be a disaster. But the League must cease to be what it has become in recent years—a machine for keeping Germany down. And I think that those are right who say that we must strain every nerve to revise our obligations under Locarno.

I believe there is only one policy for this country by which peace can be preserved, both for the world and ourselves—a close co-operation with the United States. It is easy to laugh at the Americans, but we and they hold the peace of the world in our hands. Let me tell you why. If we and the United States act together, the economic force we should wield would be irresistible. I believe that by means of it we should be able to prevent a war in Europe or the East. I believe that if war came neither of us would be drawn in, because no one, least of all a nation fighting for its life, would be foolish enough to attack us. I believe that we could still save civilisation, because we would be strong enough to reconcile the belligerents or at least localise the conflict. That concludes the first part of what I have to say.

How Shall We Use Peace?

Now, if we are to have peace, as henceforth I shall assume we are, how are we to use it? I agree with Mr. Bevin that we must, more than we have done in the past, try to put humanity first. I disagree with him both as to the needs and objects of humanity, and as to the methods with which we should set about our task. I hope you will not think I am preaching when I say that the real pleasures in life, apart from the joy of having a family, are the pleasures of childhood. These pleasures are twofold. They consist in freedom from fear about the future, and in the possession of something to play with—that is to say, the possession of property. We must give our population these great material benefits, freedom from fear, and the possession of property. The working man must be an owner of property, and because I think this, I can neither rest secure in our present conditions nor commit myself to the support of Mr. Bevin. But first we must rid our population of fear; the fear of eviction, the fear of unemployment, and the fear of preventable disease. Almost the greater part of our population lives in danger of a week's notice. It is said that the Englishman's home is his castle. If that is so, it is a castle which will stand only a comparatively short siege. In a week the portcullis must be raised and the drawbridge let down.

Now please do not misunderstand me. I am not intending an attack upon landlords. Landlords are no better and no worse than the owners of any other species of property. If they are to be deprived of any of their rights of property they must be compensated. But a state of society in which the bulk of the inhabitants live under the shadow of a week's notice is not one which should be allowed to continue. The purpose of a house is not merely to provide a profit for a would-be investor. It is primarily a home for people to live in.

The fear of a week's notice is not confined to tenants. A week's notice may separate a skilled labourer earning £5 a week from unemployment. Even in the days when Englishmen were serfs there was a greater security than this. Every half-witted Socialist orator will tell you that a state of society which accumulates vast fortunes and separates skilled labourers from destitution by the span of a week's notice is diseased. It is true. Property in our time has gone wrong, and one fault is in the right to distribute profits freely. We should not allow the declaration of a heavy profit one year and a wholesale reduction in staff the next. A healthy industry should make its own periodic unemployment a charge on profits. An industry is not simply a service to the consumer or a profitable investment for the employer. It is the means whereby many ordinary workaday folk get their livings. And unless it adequately serves that purpose it is not functioning properly.

Another prime necessity is adequate housing. Have you ever thought how much disease, or how much crime is caused simply by the existence of slums? I think most people are agreed that these must be absent in the future, and private interests must not be allowed to stand in the way of their abolition. I do not claim to be an expert in the various solutions which are proposed or the various difficulties which stand in their way. What is obvious is this. If we have slums by the time I am an old man, and if we have had peace as I have assumed we shall, we shall have no one to blame for having them but ourselves.

The Importance of Britain's Trade

What I have been saying is liable to one serious objection. This country only supports its present population by its trade, and you will not be able to do any of the things of which I have been speaking, unless you have the money to do it. And make no mistake about it. There is no vast reservoir of money upon which you can draw in the shape of direct taxation as some of my Socialist friends appear to think. There must be profits out of industry or finance or trade which you can tax. There is no equally vast reservoir of potential credit which you can simply tap by raising loans as others seem to suppose, unless there are past profits to invest, and future profits to pay the loan back with interest.

Nor, as Mr. Bevin rather ingenuously suggests, can a country which lives by its external trade have two currencies, one for external and one for internal use.

There are just three things I want to say here about the economic problem. The first is a word of warning. This country can only continue to live by its trade, and therefore any reform, however attractive, which destroys or harms our trade is a reform which kills the goose which lays the golden egg. That is one reason why we should turn first to a redistribution of profits rather than burden trade by an increase in costs in the shape of higher wages or shorter hours. The second thing is that trade does not entirely or even mainly depend on Government action. It depends upon the enterprise and courage of our traders. Successful trading always involves a risk of loss, and where a man has undergone a serious risk of total loss we must not grudge him a considerable profit in case of success. Sir William Morris (as I still think of him) is in more ways than one a public benefactor. The third thing I want to say about trade is that we must make up our minds that we have finally turned our backs upon Free Trade. Free Trade was really based upon the single assumption that good business always meant buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. That assumption is false. Human labour is always an element which enters into the cost of production, but human labour cannot be bought and sold as a mere commodity. Good business can never take away the right to a minimum wage. The British employer can therefore never be free to buy labour in the cheapest market. And if you protect the labourer you must protect his product.

The last years have shown us the way we must go. Old-fashioned Protection is dead, because it was economic Little Englandry. If we are to maintain our people in the future we must make ourselves the centre of a group of allied nations collectively able to produce all the staple necessities of modern life, and each fostering the trade of the other by mutually advantageous trade agreements.

Of course, in our lifetime Britain can never create a system wholly conforming to this standard. But more and more I believe the world will conform to such systems, and we have already made the beginnings of our own. You see, Mr. Shaw is quite wrong. The British Empire must, of course, be our starting point. The Ottawa Conference was a most significant event in our recent history. But it by no means follows that our system will be confined to our political boundaries. Membership of it will demand only three conditions: (1) The industrial workers of each member must support a standard of life not seriously competing with that of the others. (2) Each member must be a politically stable unit, so as to support a growing commerce unhampered by the fear of internal discord. And (3) there must be in the needs of each, and in its products, something which can be the basis of a trade agreement with the others. To give an example, I see no reason why Scandinavian countries should not be drawn more completely into our economic orbit than they are.

The condition of political stability will do much to remove the alternating agony of boom and slump which has been such

a curse to modern capitalism. A good many people regard it as something immutable, like the rise and fall of the tide, or put it down to purely economic causes. To some extent, of course, that must be true. Trade moves in cycles. But a great deal of the trouble is simply due to political instability in one part of the world or other. Let me give you an example. Let us suppose that a capitalist makes a big fortune in trade with China. Then comes a Chinese Civil War. The capitalist does not suffer if he is wise. He has invested his pile in something safe elsewhere. But his workmen who have grown old in his trade and cannot find another are thrown out of work. I have already indicated the mistake in distributing profits which this involves, but more and more I believe that this country will gain a greater security by planning its trade with stable countries, even if it means being content for a time with a smaller profit.

Reject the Evils of Existing Political Orders

Sooner or later I shall have to consider the political order under which we are going to live, and I shall begin by examining the three great systems under which men live today. The first is what we call Democracy. The second I shall describe as Fascism. The third is often called Socialism and often Communism, but I shall call it Marxism, as I am entitled to do as it involves the Marxist conception of the dictatorship of the proletariat. I do not believe that we will be satisfied with any of these.

Let me deal with what we call Democracy first. Of course it is not really democratic. Theoretically, I know, any person who can get two backers to put their name to his voting paper and can raise a deposit of £150 can stand for Parliament. But you know as well as I do that no one really stands a chance of election, however good he may be, unless he is adopted by a local party association as the official party candidate. Any other candidate, however able, is simply described as a freak. Almost certainly he loses his deposit and everyone says that he is 'not playing the game'. Whether the game is worth playing at all, no one bothers to inquire. It might be all right if the local associations chose their candidates a little better, but they never will. The Conservatives are inclined to go out quite frankly for the men with money, and the Socialists desire men who will do the party bidding without originality or knowledge, and this applies as much to their leaders as their rank and file. A Socialist friend confessed to me not two months ago that at the last Socialist Party meeting he had met a Socialist candidate and ex-M.P. who seriously believed that the only outlet of Germany was to the Black Sea. Such are the men between whom Democracy has to choose.

There are other objections. Marx saw perfectly well that Democracy was the political form best suited to the worship of money. We are constantly reminded how easily it is stampeded, and how little its leaders are worthy of respect. To my mind, however, it must be admitted that Democracy is the mother of freedom, and freedom is something worth preserving. I think that the faults which I have indicated could be remedied if Democracy were reorganised so that it paid a little more attention to the expert opinion of each of us. Most of us know a little about something. But as things are our knowledge is allowed to waste. We are not allowed to express our opinion about the things we know, and we are expected to express our opinion about the things of which we know nothing. Generals vote about the care of babies, and nurses vote about the organisation of the army.

Flaws in Fascism and Marxism

I now come to Fascism. It is a pity to decry its merits, for it has some. It displaces the God of Money, and makes service (as in the Middle Ages) the condition of holding property. Moreover, it does what I have said Democracy does not do. It organises expert opinion. The Italian Trade Unions, for instance, to which everyone belongs, have law-making rights rather like those of our own Church Assembly. But Fascism will never do for this country. It puts down the God of Money only to set up the God of State. It makes man nothing but a tool. Like Communism, it involves dictatorship throughout the country by members of a political party with all the opportunities for privilege, petty cruelty, corruption and fear which that implies. To Englishmen, man is not a tool but God's creature, the party dictatorship is an abomination.

I have left Socialism or Marxism to the last because in the

eyes of so many people it is the only alternative to our present system. In my eyes it is easily the worst of the three. It has the materialism of our present system while denying the right of property. It preaches the inevitability if not the desirability of class war. It has the state worship of Fascism, and in practice always involves the same tyranny by a political party.

But I should not be frank with you if I did not admit that my quarrel with Marxism is far more deep-seated than that. We differ too profoundly about the nature and the function of man ever to agree very far. Let me give you what I think is the essence of the whole matter. The materialist conception of history is at the bottom of Marxist theory. I believe that ideals are more important than interests. Marx believed that the only motive in history which has affected great bodies of men is the common material interest of class. I believe that the great religions and the great nations of mankind disprove that, that there is more than class in Mohammedanism and Christianity, more uniting Jews or Germans all over the world than class, more than class interest in Marxism itself. It really comes to this. All admit that Marx denied free will in the traditional sense. I believe in it. Free will and immortality are inseparable. Marx means that man is an animal. I say that he is not. Marx is a materialist. I am prepared to stake the future of this country upon the truth of Christianity. You do not treat an animal in the same way as you treat an immortal soul. That is why between the Marxist and the Christian there must be perpetual strife. We do not think that the end of man is here, and we believe that the soul of man is not satisfied by the satisfaction even of the highest of his earthly desires. We

believe that life here is a training ground. The Marxist thinks it is the all.

Work the Good from Each Into a New System

Where, then, are we to turn? If I am right, we have examined and rejected all three great systems which are now presented for our choice. What I want to ask you is this. Are we bound to choose any one of them? Cannot we work out together a solution of our own? I think we can. It will not be the first time that our country has done so. When presented with the threefold choice of Atheism, Roman Catholicism and Swiss Protestantism, we refused to make a choice. We worked out a solution of our own which I think was better. When we were faced with a choice between the divine right of kings, republicanism and anarchy, we refused to make a choice. We worked out a solution for ourselves which I think was better. The history of the last century is the history of a refusal to choose between Capitalism and Feudalism. Why should we choose now? We are still better off than any other country in the world. Let us have confidence in the future.

Here are some of the things for which I think we should work. We should work for property without great wealth, for leisure without inactivity, for security without licence, individual freedom without what we are used to call Democracy. We must, I think, adopt the principle of freedom from Democracy, the corporative principle from Fascism, the championship of the industrial working-class from Marxism, property and Christianity from feudalism. So shall we make this island a place not for heroes but for men to live in.

The Fight for Victory—On the Home Front

Four and a Half Years: a Personal Diary from June, 1914, to January, 1919

By the Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison. Vol. I. Hutchinson. 18s.

EVERYTHING THAT IS WRITTEN ABOUT THE WAR adds to the indictment of the War Office. Both the military authorities and the officials in Whitehall and at Woolwich appear, not only to have brought us very near defeat, but to have added enormously to the size of the war bill we are still paying.

Dr. Addison, as Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, over which later on he presided, was in as good a position as anybody to see what went on, and in his Diary he tells what he did see. The book is going to be far too long: this is only the first volume. It contains much that is trivial, not a little that is tedious. But a careful reading of these three hundred pages is a help towards understanding how long it took to get our war machine working properly. To blame Asquith for appointing Kitchener to be Minister of War would be to overlook all the motives which prompted the Liberal Prime Minister. Yet it will surely be classed in history as one of his most unfortunate errors. As early as November 1914 Dr. Addison records 'a strong reaction against K.' among members of Parliament. He was severely blamed for his recruiting methods.

At last after nearly two months' waiting and after they have nearly killed recruiting, the War Office has consented to register the names of those willing to serve and to call them up when suitable arrangements have been made for their training and equipment. If they had done this when the boom was on, as many vainly urged them at the time, they would now have more men than they require.

When Mr. Lloyd George looked closely into the munitions muddle (April 1915) he 'gave it as his belief that if it had not been for the American supply (in the first nine months) we should have been beaten'. He blamed the War Office 'as much as any other cause'.

Some members of the Cabinet besought Kitchener last October to set up the more businesslike arrangements they are now trying to create. K. would not hear of laymen running the show and insisted on having military men.

The soldiers he trusted played even their chief false. Here is an entry in June 1915.

Had a very friendly interview with K. There is no doubt that things have been concealed from him and until L. G. brought the statement about the state of supplies before the Cabinet the other day, K. had no idea of the actual position *re* rifles, machine-guns, shells and big guns. It has given him a horrible fright.

The Ordnance Department was the worst.

Things have not been ordered which were known to be required and which in some cases have been definitely stated to be required, particularly machine-guns, rifles and big guns.

Here is a specific illustration of such slackness.

French sent in an urgent request on June 22 for grenades of all sorts and descriptions, as to the need of which I have repeatedly enquired at the War Office and received no reply. French's request was passed on to us on July 20, practically four weeks afterwards, and then it was only accidentally found in a file which we had asked for. It appears that a man in the Ordnance Department had sat on it and done nothing.

I hoped to find on a later page some record of a hanging in connection with this crime, which may have cost hundreds, even thousands, of lives. I looked in vain.

By the autumn of 1915 'K.'s lamentable lack of foresight in practically doing away with any vestige of a General Staff' had turned every member of the Cabinet, except Mr. McKenna, against him.

He is trying to assume sole direction of affairs himself, with the result that bad Staff work from first to last has been responsible for most of our disasters. . . . The successful prosecution of the war clearly requires the creation of a first-rate 'thinking department' both at home and abroad, and the men in high quarters who have proved themselves to be incompetent for this part of the work should be displaced.

Hence the Cabinet decision 'to send K. on an expedition to the East' and to establish a War Council. Not that Cabinet Ministers were much better than the major-generals. Sir Walter Layton 'told me how amazed he is at their ignorance. I said I had made that discovery myself long ago. They appear, he thought, to be nearly as ignorant of the essentials of the situation as an intelligent man in the street'.

They did, however, understand that the War Office practice of letting munition firms charge the nation whatever they liked was both grossly unbusinesslike and heinously unpatriotic. The report which opened the Cabinet's eyes to what went on was, in Dr. Addison's words, 'a staggering document'. At first—

They report, in substance, that they have made no headway with the chief people. . . . Our people have suggested that they should 'submit their actual manufacturing costs in order that a reasonable profit might be arranged', but 'in every case this suggestion was emphatically rejected'.

However, the firms were brought to a frame of mind more amenable and a saving of £500,000 a week was effected (26 millions sterling a year), the prices being nearly cut in half. Dr. Addison is plainly not oversteating when he calls the work of the heads at the Munitions Ministry 'one continued fight'.

HAMILTON FYFE

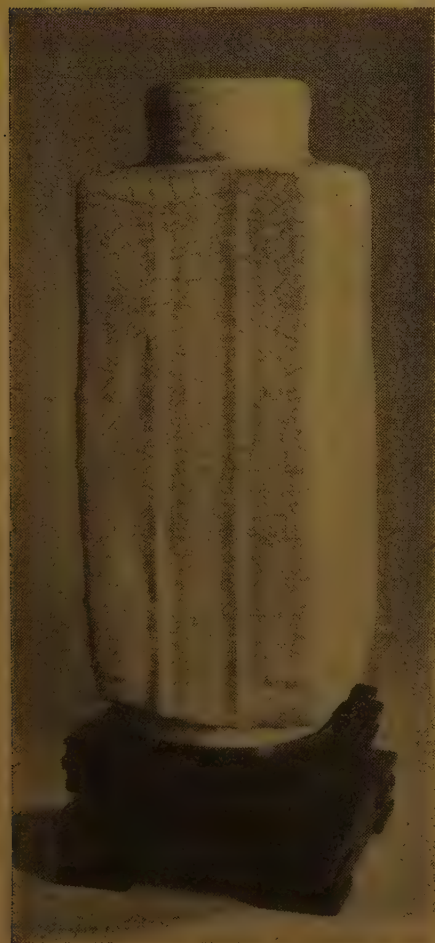
Porcelain through the Ages

Some of the pieces from the loan exhibition, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, now open at 25 Park Lane. On this page we show Chinese porcelain; and on the following, examples of the work of the leading English and Continental schools. Editorial reference will be found on page 307

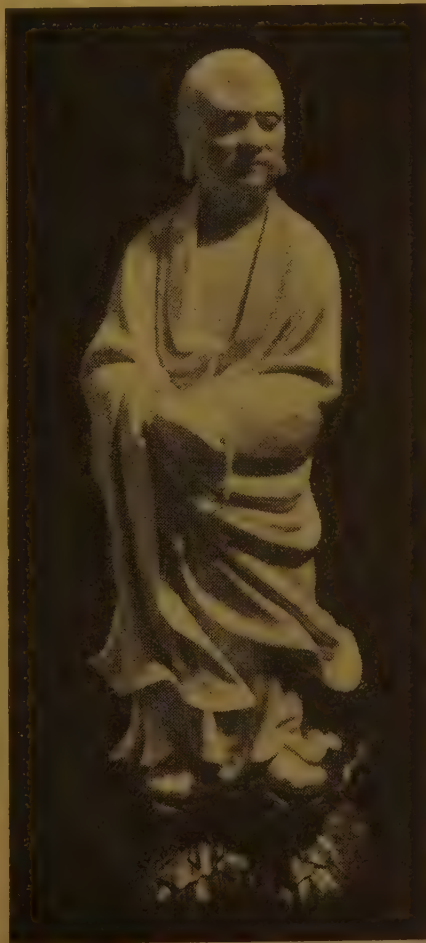


Chinese plate decorated with European motif—Don Quixote; eighteenth century (lent by Basil Ionides, Esq.)

Fawn—one of a collection of horses and other animals; c. 1700 (lent by the Hon. Mrs. Ionides)



Kuan vase for 'divining rods'; Sung dynasty, 960-1279 (lent by Sir Percival Baird, Bart.)



Fukien white figure of Daruma; seventeenth century (lent by Sir Percival Baird, Bart.)



Baluster vase; Ming dynasty, 1368-1644 (lent by Dr. Lindley Scott)

Photographs: A. C. Cooper.



Dresden ware: one of a collection of harlequins and Italian comedy figures; Kandler period, 1740 (lent by the Hon. Mrs. Ionides)



(Above) Capo di Monte ware: one of a pair of small figures of horses; c. 1750 (lent by Mrs. C. Offley Shore). (Below) Worcester tea-pot and cover; 1760 (lent by H. W. Cook, Esq.)



Bristol figure of Edmund Burke; c. 1775 (lent by the Lady Daresbury)



Chelsea figure—La Nourrice; c. 1755 (lent by the Lord and Lady Fisher)



Bow figure of Frederick the Great; c. 1760 (lent by E. S. McEwen, Esq.)

Photographs: A. C. Cooper

British Art—VI

Craftsmanship and Design

By R. M. Y. GLEADOWE

IN British art it would seem that before and during the Middle Ages design takes precedence of craftsmanship: and often it is not easy to say where one ended and the other began. Objects in various materials grew under the tool; and the workmanship is often rough, the degree of finish being instinctively related to effect and the qualities of materials. But it was rather rightness than originality of design which was achieved

—rightness of scale, planning, proportion and other formal relations, in which one variant of a standard design would excel another. At the same time an inexhaustible fancy enabled the craftsmen to illustrate, on the flat or in the round, a great variety of ideas and incidents. Particularly inventive were the woodworkers. Our carpenters and carvers elaborated splendid timber roofs enriched with bosses and corbels to rival the stone-carvers, and especially with ordered ranks

of angels, robed at first, then feathered. The decorative and fanciful use of animals, typical of Anglo-Saxon art, lives on in the carving of mediæval misericords. These tip-up seats, and pews with carved ends, are typical of our Gothic built-in furniture, which is treated as part of the architecture with the same forms for wood and stone. From an earlier date a few stone seats—at Hexham, Westminster and Canterbury—survive. The movable furniture consisted mainly of tables and chests, the latter often strengthened and ornamented with iron scroll-work; and sometimes carved with incised patterns. Resistance to Renaissance forms brings out a native invention of still solid structures, enriched with primitive linear reliefs of geometrical, animal and vegetable shapes, inlays of lighter wood and bulbous parodies of pillars. This clumsy but amusing exuberance towards the end of the seventeenth century is refined to a tall and brittle elegance, in which cane is used. Till now—though wicker chairs are mentioned by Chaucer—the wood used is almost always English oak: comfort was hardly considered. About 1700 a taste for walnut coincides with a sense of form nicely balanced between lightness and weight, straightness and curvature. Early eighteenth-century walnut chairs and mirrors show the happiest adaptation of classical motives to English uses, the leading architectural influence being that of Wren. About 1750 begins the reign of mahogany and Chippendale, at first both sensible and sensitive; but soon a fantastic rococo of Chinese, classical and Gothic styles, largely inspired by foreign examples, under



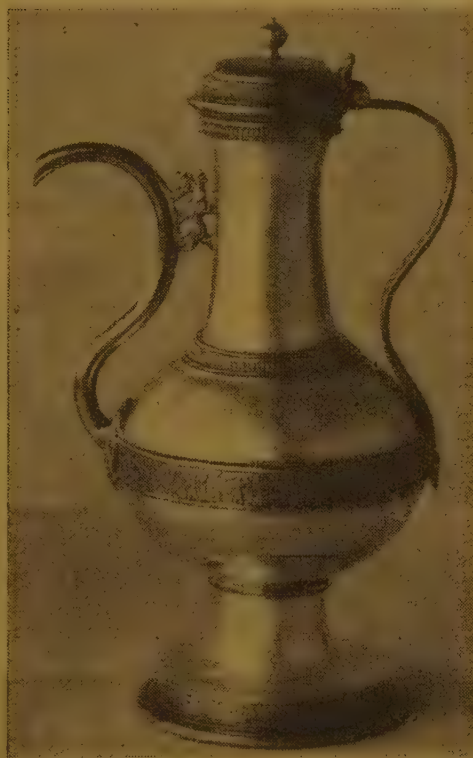
Helm in bronze, made by William Austin and Thomas Stevyns, from the effigy of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; c. 1450 (lent by St. Mary's Church, Warwick)

Topical Press

Sheraton, Adams and Kent, makes our furniture a dainty and fanciful bric-a-brac, marvellously made but easily broken. Highly polished veneers brought out the figures, grains and colours of various woods, which we have normally preferred to painting and gilding. Late eighteenth-century styles were controlled by illustrated pattern-books, and dominating architects. The Greek and Egyptian taste of the early nineteenth century was also delicate and fragile; but by 1850 there was nothing to choose between a clumsy dullness and a picturesque discomfort.

Working in fine metals—another native craft—calls for less invention but a nicer taste and skill. Apart from early buckles, brooches and much small jewellery, a few pieces of pre-sixteenth-century gold and silver have survived. From these we may perhaps infer that our earlier goldsmiths and silversmiths kept the forms of their plate pure and useful, and decorated them either by local ornamented bands or bosses, or by chasing or engraving linear patterns in the manner of contemporary illuminations over most or all of the surface. But already in the twelfth century we can see from the Gloucester candlestick that skilful craftsmen could not always resist the temptation to elaborate detail, at the expense of the main form, into a disorderly tangle, to which casting from a

soft model readily lends itself. In the fourteenth century another method of design works the metal into architectural forms more suitable for stone or wood, enriched with delicate enamels. This questionable method is entirely successful in Wykeham's staff. From the same century survive a few pieces of a Chinese grace of form and tact of decoration not breaking the pure contours of the surface: for instance, the silver-gilt covered bowl from



Cruet for the Mass, in silver parcel-gilt; c. 1530; from St. Peter Port Church, Guernsey
Victoria and Albert Museum

Studley Church. Pieces of the fifteenth century are fantastic and various. Silver-gilt was cunningly used for mounting wood, coconuts, horn, Chinese porcelain, ostrich eggs and, later, native stoneware. It seems that English mediæval plate was famous and sought after abroad, as 'English work'. But most of it disappeared at the Reformation. Norfolk is the richest county in early chalices. Post-Reformation chalices are simple in design, with beaker instead of cup tops, and undecorated but for a band of formal engraving. But such puritanism is not typical of the plate of sixteenth-century England, which could be called 'the golden world'. For sideboards heaped with elaborate pieces now became part of the display in rich men's houses, and the influence of foreign models made for a rivalry of ingenious and complicated forms. In this century much good pewter was made in England for



Pelican dish in Staffordshire ware, made by Thomas Toft; c. 1660
British Museum

use, plate being already rather for show. A more native simplicity returns in the middle of the seventeenth and of the eighteenth centuries, the early part of each century being marked by great elaboration and fine workmanship in the European manner. The later style, which had a rococo elegance and absurdity, was largely introduced by Paul Lamerie, the most brilliant of the immigrant French goldsmiths who worked in England in the first half of the eighteenth century. The purer style of George III was followed by fashionable changes in form and decoration, according with architectural revivals: important pieces being designed by sculptors, painters and architects.

The early history of British glass is obscure. The absence of any trace of Anglo-Saxon glass-works suggests that the shapely lobed beakers and other drinking vessels found from Winchester to Kent were imported: but they are more numerous and better than similar vessels found abroad. It is not, however, till the thirteenth century that there is certain evidence of glass made in England. Till the seventeenth century glass was largely imported from Venice and Bohemia, or made by foreigners in England. Henry VIII encouraged the making of fine pieces by collecting chiefly from Venice. English models were based on these and other foreign examples. In the seventeenth century the trade suffered from being made a monopoly. It was not till the eighteenth that it at last came into its own. This was partly due to technical and chemical perfection, especially of lead- (miscalled flint-) glass: partly to the effect of the excise in inducing the

makers to put the highest marketable value into each piece. This they did with fine taste, not by elaborating the forms but by varying and enriching the surface by much good cutting and sometimes engraving. In 1714, £50,000-worth of English mirrors were exported. For the last quarter of the eighteenth century English and Irish cut glass was supreme in quality, material, workmanship and design. But the excise killed most of the trade, especially in Ireland: and the careless stupidity of the nineteenth century has left us few remains



Silver coffee-pot, presented by Mr. Richard Sterne to the Honourable East India Company, 1681
Victoria and Albert Museum

of the purity and subtle decoration of this very British art. Today the excellence of our glass and its endless possibilities as a material exactly suited to modern tastes and needs seem to open out to it a brilliant future.

Our contribution to the potter's art has been mainly technical: and excellence of material and make have carried our pottery all over the world. British pottery is pre-Roman, but seems later to have forgotten what it learnt from the Roman occupation. Mediæval England made much use of richly inlaid tiles, but does not seem to have called on its potters to make anything but objects of common use. Our thirteenth-century pots and jugs are rough but shapely and sensible, and their occasional decorations are bold and simple.

It was the importation of foreign wares—Chinese, Italian, German and Dutch—which opened out potters' eyes to what their craft might do. In the seventeenth century foreign potters settled in and near London. English 'Delft' was made at Lambeth and Southwark. Dwight at Fulham showed real originality not only in the technique but in the design of his carefully modelled contemporary and portrait statuettes, and plain useful stoneware jugs, pots and mugs to take the place of leather and pewter. A peasant art of pottery in the middle of the seventeenth century produced crude, but amusing and lively, home-designed dishes and posset-pots in Staffordshire. Among these potters Thomas Toft of Hanley achieved an easy immortality by signing his pieces very legibly. 'The Potteries', starting from these humble beginnings, were destined to



Glass posset-pots; late seventeenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

grow into the world's greatest centre for the making and distribution of every kind of pottery. In this great enterprise Josiah Wedgwood took the lead. An English way of making porcelain, perhaps invented by Frye, a draughtsman and etcher, in 1740, and developed at Bow and Chelsea, was by 1800 practised in perfection by Spode at Stoke-on-Trent, and at Plymouth, Bristol, Derby, Worcester and elsewhere. Wedgwood's delicately coloured biscuit was produced with the co-operation of Flaxman and other Greek-revival sculptors, and Stubbs painted for the firm.

But, though a simple native fancy and good sense survive in cheaper pieces, it is the misfortune of our porcelain that the mechanical perfection of its craftsmanship and chemistry should have been mostly spent on skilful imitations of Chinese and other foreign designs and on increasingly elaborate adaptations of goldsmiths' forms, and pseudo-classical sculpture, vase-drawings and pictures. The ingenious but fatal device for transfer printing on china is an English invention.

It must be admitted that in British wares from the sixteenth century until recently craftsmanship and technical quality have far outweighed design: and elaboration of form and lifeless decoration rather than purity and grace have often

good come out of England?' The second is from the Poet Laureate's *Bird of Dawning*. The speaker is an old seaman. 'They're mostly English, Sir', old Fairford said, 'and my experience is you can get the English to do anything, if you put it to them in the right way. The trouble with the English is they try all the wrong ways first'. That might have been said of British craftsmanship. Even in the nineteenth century our craftsman did not fail. But their skill and patience and



Walnut mirror with gilt gesso enrichments; c. 1730

Victoria and Albert Museum

been the mark of British masterpieces. Notable exceptions have been plate in the latter half of the seventeenth and middle of the eighteenth centuries, walnut furniture about 1700, and glass towards the end of the eighteenth century. Today in all the crafts there is an increasing number of good designers.

Two quotations will perhaps make a fitting end to these brief and ignorant remarks on British art. The first is from Baldwin Brown's great work on the Arts in Early England. Of masterpieces found in this country he says—'the only ground for doubting their English origin is their intrinsic excellence'. Of our art we are still inclined to ask, 'Can any



Punch-kettle, of Astbury ware, from the Schreiber collection; 1765
Victoria and Albert Museum

knowledge were wasted in making things so ill-designed that it would have been better if they had not been made at all. Since the Middle Ages fashionable patrons and, later, eminent architects have often not put it to our craftsmen in the right way. 'The enquiry in England', wrote Blake, 'is not whether a man has talents and genius, but whether he is a virtuous ass, obedient to Nobleman's opinions in Art and Science. If he is, he is a good man. If not, he must be starved'. Our arts have suffered from an educational tradition by which 'Master of Arts' means master of no art whatever: and from a heresy which thinks of art not as the issue in new form of a living spirit, but as dead styles, recovered by archæology and analysed and catalogued by scholarship and measurement; a heresy which will not believe that for our own needs new work by our own people is better than old.

May we hope that better times are coming? We have in our Art Schools today some 60,000 students. The Government has just appointed a Council for Art in Industry. A year from now the Royal Academy will be holding its first Exhibition of British Industrial Art. To my mind that will be a more vital and important Exhibition than even the present one: and I shall turn with relief from talking about British Art of the past to do what I can for the art of today.

D. H. Lawrence's *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, a group of essays published in America in 1924, have now been issued in this country by Seckers, as an addition to the New Adelphi Library. Other new volumes in this series (3s. 6d. each) are F. C. Boden's *Miner*, Joseph Conrad's *Shadow Line*, and Thomas Mann's two long-short-stories, *Early Sorrow*, and *Merio and the Magician*. *Everyman's Bible*, prepared by Dean Inge, now appears in the Swan Library (Longman's, 3s. 6d.); *Ocean Racers*, by Cicely Fox-Smith, in the Nautilus Library (Philip Allan, 2s. 6d.); *The Portrait of Zelide*, by Geoffrey Scott, in Constable's Crown Series (5s.); while Dents have issued a cheap five-shilling edition of Gerald Bullett's anthology, *The Testament of Light*.

The Churches in National Life—II

The Church in Action

By the Rev. F. E. HUTCHINSON

LAST week I was trying to discover how far the churches today are performing their first duty—to feed the spiritual nature of man and to train his moral sense. These are indispensable services; they are the secret sources of the controlled and useful life. Now I want to look at some of the fruits of that training, to see the Church in action, Christian men bringing their help to the community. First, locally and in comparatively humble and obscure ways; then on a larger or national scale.

Work with the Social Order

First then, locally: any well-worked parish, or any district where a minister of religion is resident, undertakes a great deal more than its directly religious concerns. And such work is carried on, not by ministers alone, but by a considerable number of unpaid church-workers. Men and women are found to run athletic clubs and evening clubs for boys and girls, to arrange and manage holiday camps, to staff companies of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. Others take a lead in societies for promoting temperance, sewing classes, musical societies, and adult schools. There is, besides, the visiting of the sick and aged; visits are very seldom unwelcome, and nothing is more resented than neglect. These are familiar things, and I need say no more than that a large number of ordinary people find much of their happiness and the inspiration of their lives in what goes on in connection with their church or chapel. It is an enlargement and humanising of their humdrum lives, and many of them not only receive but give help in such work. There needs also to be provision for those who for one reason or another cannot be looked after by the ordinary local organisations because their cases are exceptional. There are the children who are homeless or in very unsatisfactory homes, for whom there is no chance in life unless they are removed. Thousands of them every year from all over the country are taken into Dr. Barnardo's Homes or the homes of the Waifs and Strays. These two institutions between them have at any time something like thirteen thousand children in their care, most of whom get satisfactorily started in life. There are also the homes, temporary or more permanent, for young girls who are in special danger of temptation, and for those who have had a moral lapse; and I notice that they are seldom known now by such forbidding names as penitentiary or female refuge, but by such names as girls' training home, home for friendless girls, the haven, or house of help. Now, I think we shall at once recognise that such work can hardly be done by the State; it is infinitely delicate and difficult work, in which the Christian charity and patience of the workers are indispensable and the personal touch is everything. There are many convalescent homes and homes for the dying, promoted by Christian people and maintained by them. Societies of Christian foundation exist for ministering to the spiritual and material needs of those who are largely cut off from the common life by some affliction: the blind, the deaf and dumb. Provision is also made for those who fall outside the ordinary parochial machinery; for example, the merchant seamen find institutes and those who will help them at most of the ports of call, and at the great ports there are chaplains and other workers who befriend the emigrants. There are farm training colonies for unemployables, and Police Court Missions. It will be hard to find any class of man or woman or child, whatever their condition, for whom some provision is not being made. Almost all this multifarious work has been set going by people who were moved by Christian feeling, and the funds are mainly raised by the churches and among Christian people. I do not think anyone could measure the amount of help, both spiritual and material, which is brought to all kinds and sorts of people in every kind of need through the social work, started and kept going by the churches and their supporters.

Power of Controlling Social Life

Anyone might urge, fairly enough, that very much of the work I have been describing might be called ambulance work, and that, while it is necessary and generally well done, it isn't

enough; that the Christian Church ought to be doing more to alter the social order so that many of these sad necessities would not arise. That seems to me true, and it brings me back to a point which I raised last week. I spoke of the large extent to which the power of controlling social life had passed from the Church to the State. You may have noticed that I did not express any regret that the power to direct and enforce had passed from the Church. It is better that the State alone shall have the right to enforce and that the Church shall be content to pursue its ends by moral persuasion. This may seem greatly to reduce the significance of the Church, but it needn't do so. Dr. Lindsay, Master of Balliol, argues this point very well in his new book, *Christianity and Economics*. But he holds that the Christian Church is as necessary to the State as ever, though in a different way; and its effectiveness may be as great and valuable as ever it was, but not now through its possessing power and the right to control, but purely through its moral influence, through its work of forming and strengthening the public conscience. It is not enough for the State to make humane and wise laws, but these laws will not be effectively worked, they may even be inoperative, like the earlier factory legislation, unless public opinion is behind them. It is for the Christian Church to do all it can to educate the public conscience. Force is in the background for the State to use against the recalcitrant and the selfish, but the general advance will be faster and surer when the law has the active support of a community which is convinced of its justness. 'The enlightenment of the public conscience', says Dr. Lindsay, 'is supremely the concern of the churches'. If they can do their part in getting the great mass of the citizens to contribute to the common life, if they can give the citizens 'a spirit and capacity for idealism which the State's work needs, but cannot give', then the churches will be doing work of great national value.

The Church's Surrender

I ask, then, what is the likelihood of the Christian Church being able to render this national service effectively? My answer must be chastened by the remembrance of its neglect to guide the social conscience throughout the beginnings of the new industrial order, in the years when the factory system and mining operations were in their infancy. The Christian Church surrendered its moral leadership in such matters, and sometimes even thought they were not its concern. Too often this was due to timidity; to say too much might offend wealthy supporters. Sometimes this negligence was due to a mistaken notion of what Christianity means, a narrow view of Christian faith and life which forgot or ignored the social side of Christianity. It was left to individual Christians to take their stand for social righteousness. It was a comparatively small group of evangelical churchmen who made persistent and at last successful efforts to abolish the slave trade. There were others who set themselves to remedy the worst evils of the factory system. I have spoken of Lord Shaftesbury, but there were others who deserve mention like Richard Oastler and Michael Thomas Sadler; they, too, were men actuated by strong Christian conviction. Sydney Smith struck lusty blows at the abuses of the old poor law, the game laws, transportation to Botany Bay, and the use of climbing boys as chimney-sweepers. All the while the Christian churches did little to support such men. The middle of last century witnessed a further quickening of the social conscience by yet another group of Christian reformers—Charles Kingsley and Maurice, Ludlow and Neale, and their friends, with their ardent sympathy with the hardships and sufferings of the poor. John Malcolm Ludlow, Frederick Denison Maurice and others started the Working Men's College in London. Vansittart Neale, a lawyer and a wealthy man, lost much of his fortune in housing schemes which fell through, but was more successful as the founder of the co-operative movement. Kingsley's novels, *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, are by now old-fashioned, but they did much to affect opinion in their own generation and the next. The leaders of other churches bore their witness. I may instance Cardinal Manning, and nearer our

own time the Jesuit Father Charles Plater; Dr. Clifford, the Baptist leader; and Hugh Price Hughes, the Methodist.

The next generation saw a new attempt to increase understanding between those who were widely separated in their manner of life, by bringing young men of education to live for awhile in the more neglected districts of the great cities. The first settlement of the kind was a memorial to Arnold Toynbee in Whitechapel, where there was already at work a man of wide sympathy and shrewd commonsense, Samuel Barnett. He launched a housing scheme by which three hundred families were rehoused in a space of four years. He started the Children's Country Holidays' Fund, and he procured the loan of good pictures and other works of art for his Whitechapel people to enjoy. When the French statesman, M. Clemenceau, visited London fifty years ago, he said, 'I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little pale clergyman in Whitechapel'. A further impetus to the study of social questions in the light of Christian principle was given by the founding of the Christian Social Union. It had for its leaders such men as Bishop Westcott, Henry Scott Holland and Charles Gore. I doubt if any single man in our time did more to bring home to Christian people their social duty than Charles Gore. He was fearless, almost ruthless, in pressing home the bearings of Christian faith on this duty. The difficulties in the way of improvement were not, according to him, the material obstacles, but the prevailing indifference and the too easy acceptance of things as they are. He had a burning indignation against our toleration of evident evils like sweated labour, bad housing and inadequate education. He had the earnestness and the deep religious conviction of a prophet. But prophets are seldom good administrators: they can proclaim great principles, they can inspire men to action; and they can simulate thought. But they cannot themselves as a rule plan in detail. Christians as such have no competence as economic advisers or constructive reformers. It is for Christian people to recognise the prophets when they appear, to give them freedom of utterance and to pay them heed. It is for individuals, according to their knowledge and opportunity, to give practical effect to the principles they have learnt from the prophets.

Duty of Awakening the Public Conscience

There are certain evils in our present world of such scope that they can only be effectively tackled on a national scale. To obtain a driving force to deal with them there needs to be built up a far keener and more resolute public opinion than yet exists. I take the three most obvious of our present discontents: bad housing, unemployment, war. How can the Church make its fullest possible contribution towards the removal or alleviation of these three evils? Sentiment alone will be of no avail. The relevant facts must be patiently studied before the right remedies can be found. Experiment even on a limited scale may help to show how a proposed remedy will work. The community must be awoken to the sense of urgency and of common responsibility. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York a few months ago made a wide appeal for clear thinking and resolute action in clearing the slums of our great towns. They said that any scheme of the Government 'will not and cannot be carried through unless it is steadily and vigorously supported in every part of the country'. They urged all members of the Church to find out and support whatever sound efforts are being made in their areas, or to co-operate with others in launching such efforts. 'We have now reached a stage', they say, 'when by the action of a united, vigilant and decisive public opinion it should be possible to abolish altogether bad and insanitary houses'. About the same time the Free Church leaders made a similar appeal. Already there are many evidences that these appeals are having effect. It is seldom that a local church can itself successfully undertake a housing scheme; oftener its members would do better to join with others. There are, however, some striking examples. Perhaps the most notable is the St. Pancras House Improvement Society, which during the last eight years has cleared away some of the worst houses lying behind St. Pancras Station and replaced them by well-planned and well-spaced blocks of flats. The most interesting point about this experiment is that, with remarkably few exceptions, the families in the new flats are the same that were occupying the miserable houses which are now gone. In other schemes only too often the former occupants of the slum dwellings have drifted off elsewhere, while better-off people come to occupy the new

buildings. In this case the help of the state subsidies, and still more the fact that many people have lent money at a low rate of interest, have made it possible to rehouse the old occupants without raising their rents. Even an experiment of this kind on a limited scale is an indication of what is possible generally.

The evil of unemployment needs to be dealt with both locally and nationally. In some places the religious bodies are themselves promoting local schemes to alleviate the distress and to save the self-respect of the unemployed. More often it may be wiser for Christian people to take a full part in what is being promoted by other organisations. The local church can sometimes provide rooms for clubs, classes and workshops; it does still better when it finds appropriate workers. 'The gift without the giver is bare'. I hope that Archbishop Temple's manifesto on unemployment will move Christians to give active and personal help.

A Stand for Peace

The last great evil to be attacked is war, and here the record of the Christian Church may well leave us in a chastened mood. It is all very well for the Church to have attempted in the past to distinguish between a just war and an unjust one, but it has persuaded itself to justify each war that came. If the Christian Church has been slow in its efforts to Christianise the social and economic order, it has been slower still to Christianise the relations between people and people. It is the supreme task lying before the Church in this generation to redeem its past record and to throw the whole of its weight into the elimination of this devastating scourge. Perhaps there is no heavier indictment brought against the Church today by the younger generation than this compromising attitude towards war. There has been, indeed, much heart-searching in the years since the War, and the common opinion of Christian men and women has been already largely re-shaped. The Conference of the Anglican Bishops from all parts of the world held at Lambeth four years ago affirmed that 'war as a method of settling international disputes is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ', and it went on to say that 'the Christian Church in every nation should refuse to countenance any war in regard to which the Government of its own country has not declared its willingness to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration or conciliation'. Most of the Free Churches in England have made similar statements. It is satisfactory to know that the League of Nations Union has owed more to the support of the churches than to any other organisations. The Church of Christ cannot by its very nature be merely national. 'Patriotism' is not enough. Christianity is a religion of conciliation, or it is faithless to its first principles. Its very purpose was to lift men above what sunders them and to create a religion of humanity. Is its witness even now clear and unmistakable? And is it helping to create the temper which can alone make the maintenance of peace possible? If the Church is to have a real social conscience, and to act up to it, what is to be said to those who object that it brings the Church into the field of politics?

Fortune

The natural silence of a tree,
The motion of a mast upon the fresh-tossing sea,
Now foam-inclined, now to the sun with dignity,

Or the stone brow of a mountain
Regarded from a town, or the curvet-fountain,
Or one street-stopped in wonder at the fountain,

Or a great cloud entering the room of the sky,
Napoleon of his century,
Heard come to knowing music consciously,

Such, not us, reflect and have their day,
We are but vapour of today
Unless love's chance fall on us and call us away

As the wind takes what it can
And blowing on the fortunate face, reveals the man.

CHARLES MADGE

Pillars of the English Church—III

George Crabbe

By the Rev. Canon A. C. DEANE

PERHAPS I ought to start this evening by justifying the inclusion of the Rev. George Crabbe in a series called 'Pillars of the English Church'. You won't find his name in the average Church history. Plenty of modern readers, even among those with a taste for poetry, know nothing of his work, and some, who have tried it, find Crabbe an indigestible dish. He was by no means a great preacher. As a parish-priest he was, judged by modern standards, deplorably negligent—at any rate until the last few years of his life. But then, you see, we have no right to judge him by modern standards. He was, in most ways, a typical parson of the late eighteenth century, and the eighteenth-century parson could do with an entirely serene conscience things which nowadays we should think inexcusable. And it is a very good thing for us to realise, as Crabbe's life enables us to do, just what the English Church was like a hundred and fifty years ago. For one thing, we should be far less inclined to find fault with the Church of today if we understood the simply marvellous progress it has made, how vastly the whole standard of clerical life and activity has been raised. In fact, we shall discover that this curious old eighteenth-century parson, who expressed himself in formal rhymed couplets of the traditional pattern, achieved a great work and really deserves to be called a pioneer of social reform.

Apothecary, Poet and Priest

Let me give you, very briefly, a sketch of his life. He was born in 1754 at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk coast, where his father was employed in the customs house; an uneducated man, with a creditable taste for poetry and a discreditable liking for strong drink. George finished his very imperfect schooling at the age of 14 and was apprenticed to an apothecary. As it was noticed that he spent a good deal of time in collecting plants and flowers, it was thought that this botanical knowledge would help him in compounding medicines. And in those days you could become an apothecary and dispense drugs without passing any examination. For five years, from 1775 to 1780, he tried to practise in Aldeburgh, but he detested the place and its people, whom he described as

a wild amphibious race
With sullen woe displayed on every face;

and his patients were uncommonly few. He had already published, through a local bookseller, a poem on 'Inebriety', a subject about which his home life had taught him a good deal. But no one bought the poem. When he was 27, he borrowed £5 and went to London, with the idea of maintaining himself by literary work. Again he failed, and was near to starvation. After the fashion of that time, he had sent manuscript copies of poems, accompanied by begging letters, to various eminent people. When he was on the brink of despair, he got an answer from Edmund Burke, who gave him money, recommended him to a publisher, and introduced him to influential people, including Dr. Johnson. Crabbe was advised to take Holy Orders as a means of obtaining a regular income, and he followed this advice. For some years he was chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, while also holding two small livings in Dorsetshire, which he never visited. And his poems now began to earn him both a wide reputation and money. After the Duke of Rutland's death, he obtained two livings in Leicestershire, but soon took up his abode in Suffolk. When after nine years a bishop suggested that he should reside in one of his benefices, he replied that this was impossible, as he also held two curacies in Suffolk, of which he was doing the work and drawing the pay, and he remained where he was for another four years before returning to his Leicestershire parish. He was surprised and annoyed to find that his parishioners, whom he had neglected for thirteen years, had gone over in large numbers to Methodism. Then, for the last eighteen years of his life, he was Rector of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. With this

he held another small living in Leicestershire. But he did reside at Trowbridge, and the epitaph on his monument declares that he was able 'to endear himself to all around him'. And the parish was proud to have as its Rector a man who held a great position in the literary and fashionable world. In his old age he was a remarkable figure; he had been the friend of Burke and Dr. Johnson; he was now the friend of Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott. He died in 1832, in his seventy-eighth year.

Routing Tradition with Realism

Now let us look at his verse. The poem which first made his reputation was called 'The Village'. You will remember what rural life was like as depicted by most of the eighteenth-century poets—a most idyllic affair. Elegant swains courted charming nymphs, who tended their flock and played the pipe. It became a convention to pretend that scenes of the kind described in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' represented faithfully the normal conditions of the rustic folk. Crabbe sets himself to end this pretence:

I paint the cot
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

And he does that with minute and bitter realism. He turns on the rich:

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!

Again:

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

It is not difficult to imagine how these strong lines must have startled their fashionable readers. There is noble indignation in the verse. Equally effective were the pictures in 'The Borough', of which Aldeburgh was the original. Here, to show Crabbe's power as a word-painter, are a couple of seascapes; the first in summer:

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand
Faint, lazy waves o'er creep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.

Don't those few lines give you the very feel of the edge of the sea on a hot still day? Then, for a companion picture, the sea's edge again in a winter fog:

When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or, half-concealed, some figure in the stern;
The view's all bounded, and from side to side
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide;
Boys who on shore to sea the pebble cast
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threatens in vain.

Only ten lines. Yet the little picture complete, a thing seen, recorded photographically on his memory, and set down in these old-fashioned couplets with amazing directness and precision. And, as always with Crabbe, there is the human touch—the boy throwing a stone, the growls of the justly annoyed sailor whose boat he has hit. That, too, is characteristic, for, with all his love of nature, Crabbe was yet more interested in human beings. And, as I have mentioned already with reference to his poem, 'The Village', he was determined to stir the well-to-do by his vivid pictures of the conditions in which the poor had to live. Listen for a moment to him on the eighteenth-century workhouse:

Your plan I love not—with a number you
Have placed your poor, your pitiable few;
There, in one house, throughout their lives to be,
The pauper-palace which they hate to see;
That giant building, that high-bounding wall,
Those bare-worn walks, that lofty thund'ring hall,
That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,
Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power:
It is a prison, with a milder name
Which few inhabit without dread or shame.

Remember that this poem, with its stark realism, was published in the year 1807, when most verse was still governed by the artificial traditions of the previous century. Remember, too, how real a courage was needed at this time for anyone, especially a parson of the Church of England, to attack any institution which formed part of the national system. To suggest that the treatment given to the poor was not all that could be desired was to run the risk of being thought a revolu-

tionary. The one thing most feared by the clergy was change. Crabbe himself described the average Vicar:

all things new
He deem'd superfluous, useless, or untrue;
Habit with him was all the test of truth;
'It must be right; I've done it from my youth'.
Questions he answer'd in as brief a way
'It must be wrong—it was of yesterday'.

And therefore Crabbe's courage as well as his remarkable poetry entitle him to a grateful place in our remembrance. As an instance of the width of his sympathies, listen to his lines on a company of strolling players:

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain;
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain;
Distress and hope—the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear,
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.

Here I must end. I shall be glad if what you have heard may induce you to explore Crabbe's poetry for yourselves. I shall be glad, too, if I have at all convinced you that this man, whom for the very sake of contrast I have included in this series, does help us to realise the variety of ways in which the clergy of the English Church have served our land and made us all their debtors.

Industrial Britain—V

Hands and Machines

By Professor JOHN HILTON

I HAVE been trying to bring together in my mind all the instances I came across during my tour of Industrial Britain in which nimble fingers and cunning hands had still held their own in repetition work against the otherwise all-conquering machine. I marvel how few the instances are. In a great cocoa and chocolate factory I saw, among thousands of workpeople tending machines which seemed capable of any operation which the human hand could perform, just a few here and there dipping or decorating particular chocolates. In another great works the enamelling of golf balls was done by rolling them between the palms of hands dipped constantly in white enamel; and I was told that no machine yet invented could give the same even coating and perfect finish. The fact that the hand still surpassed the machine was regarded as a curiosity worthy of special remark. I recall the bevy of supple-fingered girls who were stripping by hand unaided by any device the fragile leaves of tobacco plants from their stalks and stems in a tobacco factory, and in another part of the same factory girls packing by hand cigarettes in flat boxes; packing by hand and eye, because on the top row each cigarette must have the name uppermost.

I recall these, and perhaps a dozen more cases, in which the hand was holding its own against the machine in fairly simple repetition work. One case I remember in which the machine was just at the point of superseding the hand. It was in the Potteries. A girl was making by hand, in a simple mould, the spouts of tea-pots; but alongside her was another girl making just as good spouts two or three times as quickly in an ingenious little hand-worked machine of beautiful construction. The machine had won; the hand-work was coming to an end. I saw navvies at work; but I also watched at Lincoln three mighty power-driven excavators going through their tests prior to delivery, turning mountains of earth into valleys, turning valleys into mountains, seizing and carrying as much at one grab as a man could handle in a day; one machine controlled by one man doing as much as fifty or a hundred men could do in the time.

There is, of course, a vast range of industrial work which must by its very nature be done by hand. It seems to me to fall into two classes. There is the work in which brain and hand co-operate in the making of individually varying articles. Good examples of that group are the pattern-maker and the moulder. You can't put a blue-print into a machine, switch on the power, and find a wood pattern fall into your hands. The other class of essential hand-work is assembling of all kinds; whether the assembling of a motor-car, or of the upholstery of an armchair, or of the parts of an Atlantic liner. The bulk of this work is immune

from the machine; but I observed everywhere how the machine is helping the craftsman or the skilled assembler to do his work more easily and quickly. In the big foundries I saw that no more does the moulder need to shovel the sand into the box and ram it delicately round the pattern. When he is ready, along comes a weird contrivance, a pneumatic sand-cart, which hurls the sand by compressed-air force into the moulding-box, flinging it at even pressure into every crevice, so that no touch of rammer is necessary, doing in a few seconds what would have taken two men the best part of an hour. And in all assembling work I observe how the accurate machining of the parts to be assembled reduces the time and labour required for their assembly.

But what is machine-work? What is a machine? I have no doubt that the men who carried their loads on their backs looked on the wheelbarrow as a machine that was robbing them of their jobs. I am pretty sure that the early potters who coaxed their earthenware vessels into shape looked upon the new potter's wheel as a devilish contrivance which had come only to ruin their ancient craft. In our own time the sewing machine has displaced seamstresses by the tens of thousands; the cycle has quadrupled the errand boy's speed. Oh, but these, we say, are all right; we have had them a long time: it's these new-fangled machines that are the danger. Quite, but the old-fashioned machines of today and tomorrow were the new-fangled machines of yesterday.

Let me distinguish between three kinds of work that the machine has taken, and is still taking, out of the hands of the worker. There is work that is drudgery; there is work that is sheer toil, and there is work that it has been man's pleasure and pride to do. For myself, I have no use for drudgery, nor for any argument in favour of retaining it. In one old-established works I saw spectacle lenses being ground and polished by the thousand to every standard curvature; a beautifully simple mass-production operation, performed on some of the oldest machines I have ever seen at work; but all going strong; so that I doubt if a new one would have done the job any better or any quicker. But in the same little works I saw in one corner two or three people grinding special lenses one at a time. It struck me as one of the most unpleasant and tedious jobs I had seen. I reflected that had it not been for the genius who long ago invented the mass grinder and polisher there would have been ten thousand people working all day at that unpleasant job in order that you and I might have our spectacles. I rejoice when I see the machine taking over from the hand more and more of the drudgery and the tedious fiddling work of the world. Let us be thankful that the scientists, the inventors, and the organisers have made it.

possible for one person to do easily and pleasantly wearisome work that would otherwise have occupied a hundred.

Of work that entails heavy strain upon the body I have already given one or two examples. Here is one more. At Ashington, north of Newcastle, I went down what I believe is one of the most highly mechanised coal-mines in the country. At each advance along the coal-face an electrically driven coal-cutter undercuts the coal to a depth of four or five feet, holes are drilled near the top of the seam, explosives are put into each hole, they are electrically fired, down comes the broken coal, it is loaded on to a motor-driven travelling belt, which takes it along and tips it on to another travelling belt, which in turn carries it to where the

pared to pay for it; and you will put up with the consequences. Don't try to take me into the realm of the artist-craftsman: I am dealing with straightforward production. There the gains from standardisation are immense. We want less, not more variety, in our industrial products. But there will always be, I hope, people who are able to appreciate, and willing to pay for, the work of the artist-craftsman in the making of sound, apt and beautiful individual things. And I hope that as we find the cure for the kind of paralysis that now afflicts us, and as the wealth and leisure of the world increases by virtue of science, invention, machinery and organisation, the making of lovely individual things, shaped by hand with simple tools, will develop, both as a leisure occupation and as a craft profession.

I spoke of the accuracy and the finish of the machine-made article; but what of the quality of the machine product as compared with the hand-made? Here I think there has been a great change during our generation. Thirty years ago, unless my memory is sadly at fault, machines were still being very largely used for the turning out of gimcrack rubbish, miserable and shoddy. Then, if you wanted quality, you sought for the hand-made article; or at any rate for the article that had not been mass-produced. The aim of the maker of things for sale in large quantities to the public was large output and low price; quality did not matter very much so long as the thing sold. I myself have raged at the shocking quality of gardening tools; hoes and spades and forks that seemed to be made, as we used to say in Lancashire, of old lamp-posts, clog irons, and oyster shells. You remember the wretched quality of some of the early machine-made woodwork. All that has changed. The

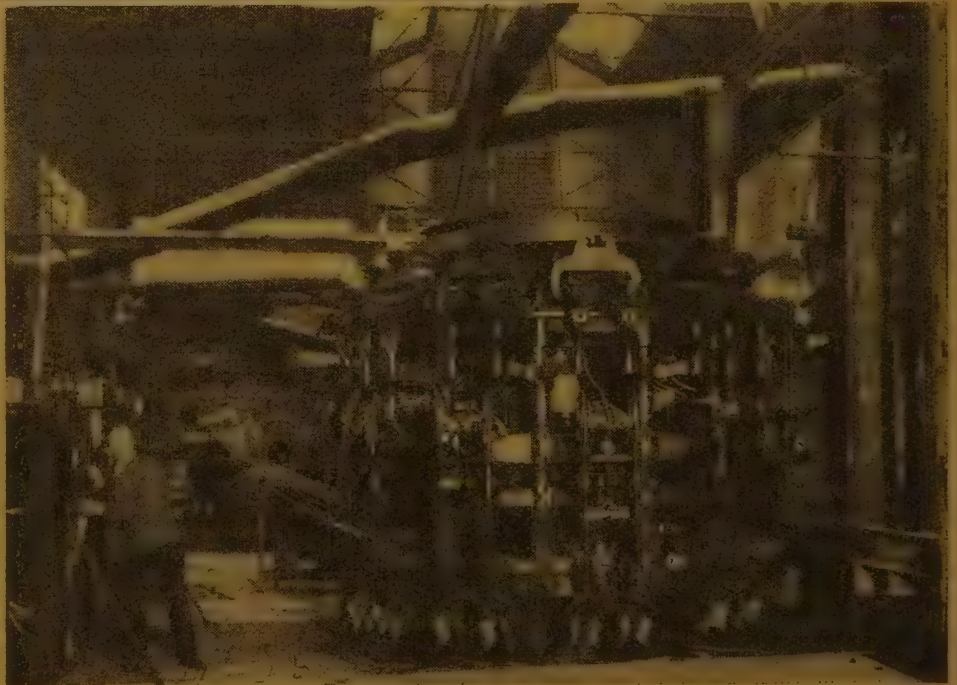


Where the hand cannot be replaced by the machine—a wood pattern shop: here hand and brain must co-operate in producing individually varying articles

Ley's Malleable Castings Co., Ltd.

tubs are ranged on the main haulage road, where they are hooked to a slow-moving steel cable and drawn mechanically along to the shaft. Does anyone deplore this lightening of the human toil? Does anyone regret that the two-hundredweight sack should go from ship's hold to warehouse on a conveyor instead of on the back of a man?

So much for the tedious fiddling drudgery, and the backbreaking toil. Now an example of congenial craft work that has gone to the machine. I will take what I think is a fairly typical example. At Lincoln I went over Newsum's joinery works. Doors and window-frames were being made in thousands and tens of thousands, all by machinery. Beautiful machines, embodying every application of the saw and the fly-cutter. Everywhere the electric motor paramount; some of the machines with as many as eleven motors driving separate spindles working simultaneously. Lordly and lovely machines, purring and humming in the pride of their 7,000 revolutions a minute. Machines doing in thirty seconds what would take the handcraftsman an hour, and doing it with far greater accuracy than he could ever achieve. Only the assembling, the glueing up and wedging, were being done by hand; and even there the labour-saving jig and the rapid-action clamp was everywhere in evidence. Now what are we to say to that? The making of a door from start to finish by the craftsman joiner on the bench is pleasing and satisfying work; but suppose ten thousand doors are wanted, all alike, I doubt if there would be much fun in making by hand a hundred, let alone ten thousand doors of the same kind. But, you say, must we have standard doors and door-frames? Is not variety the spice of life? Yes, and you can have it if you are prepared to pay for it. You can have a hand-made cycle, sewing-machine, or motor-car, different in every part from any other, if you are pre-



Where the machine is essential: an entirely automatic bulb-blowing machine that can turn out half-a-million lamp bulbs every week

British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.

difference between the hand and the machine product was that the craftsman, hating to put good work into bad material, picked the best he could get; but the machine had no feelings, you could shove anything into it. Almost anything was shoved into it. But all that has changed, or is changing. Two quite different influences have brought this about. The mass producer has discovered, by a long and painful process, that you can sell a bad article once quite easily, twice with difficulty, and three times only by spending more on salesmanship than you have gained on bad quality. The other is that applied scientific research has enabled the manufacturer to know what kind of material is the best for a given product, and has enabled him to give it the right treatment.

One type of machine I love to watch at work is that which measures out a given weight of some commodity—tobacco, tea

or whatever it may be—puts it into a sheet of paper, folds the paper into a packet, wraps the packet in tin-foil, sticks on the label, and puts it on a travelling belt; it thrills me to see the delicate mechanical fingers selecting and placing and folding with unerring precision and incredible rapidity. I think of the joy the inventor got out of designing it, and of the pleasure its making gave to the machinist; and I rejoice to see a machine doing what would be fiddling and tedious work. Another type of machine, new to me, gave me great delight. It is one that copies the shape and contour of anything you ask it to copy. How shall I explain its working without using technical language? Suppose you had a medallion and you thought you would like an exact copy of it in steel or bronze.

You would fix it in place on the upper part of the machine, set upon it a delicate electrical finger, and on the lower part of the machine a cutter would be working on the blank of steel or bronze, and the movements of the cutter, in and out, to and fro, would be controlled by the touch of the finger that was passing so gently over your medallion. I saw only two specimens of this type of machine; one was tiny and the other was gigantic.

At Dagenham I saw the tiny machine copying to within a thousandth of an inch a cam no bigger than a shilling. The master cam had been made with infinite pains to the exact size and shape, and the machine was making replicas of it. Then at Cowley I saw a giant machine operating on just the same principle. It was correcting the surface of one of those massive cast-iron or steel dies that I told you of a fortnight ago, correcting the warps and shrinkages that occur in any casting. Up above was the hardwood pattern to which the iron die must exactly conform. I told you that one of these weighed as much as fifteen tons. The electrical finger passed lightly over the hardwood pattern up above, and down below a milling cutter was working its way in and out of the solid metal, its every movement controlled by the touch of the sensitive finger passing over the wood. I watched the cut it was taking, and I thought it good that there was no longer any need for a man to tackle that job with hammer and chisel and hand grinder.

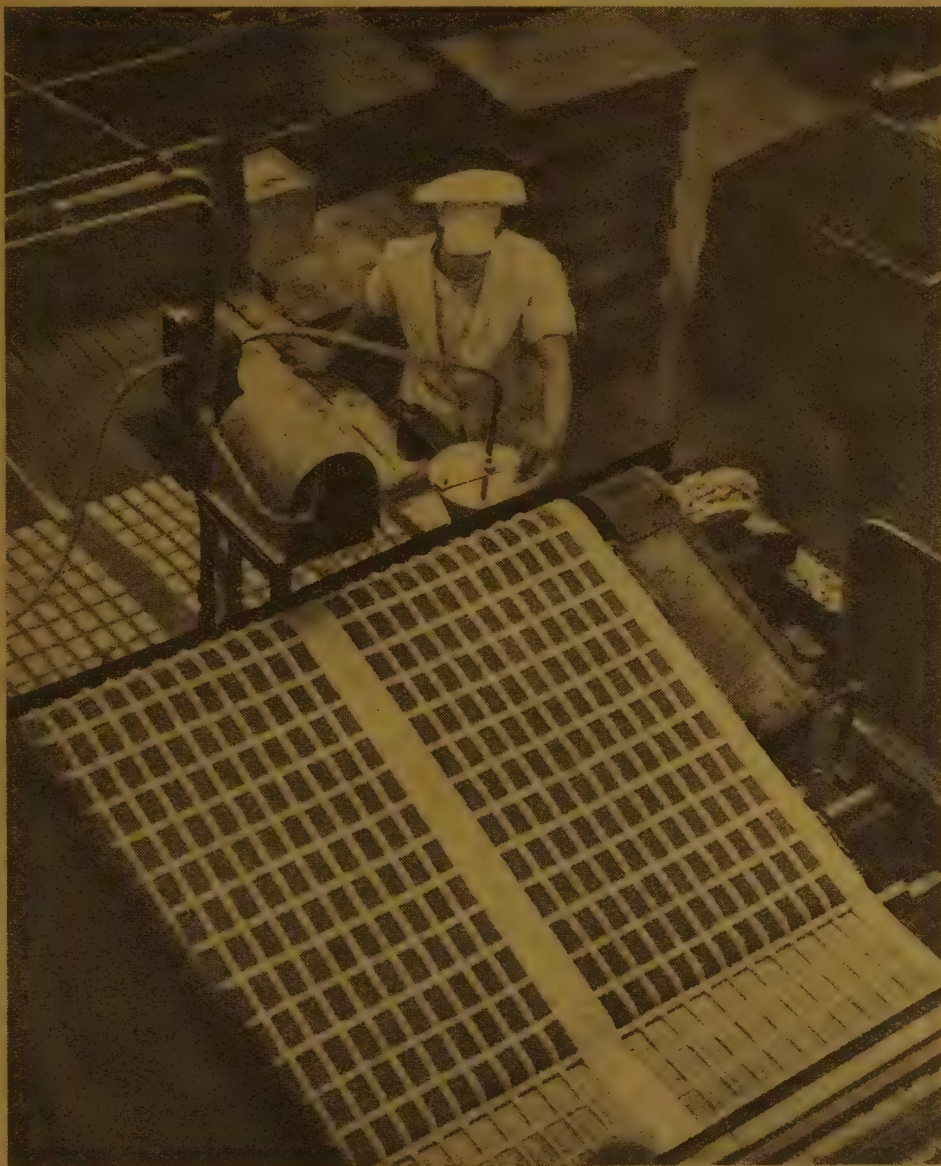
But for concentrated mechanical invention and achievement, I think I would place in the forefront of all that I saw the machinery made by the United Shoe Machinery Company, of Leicester. Let me try to describe the one which performs what would seem to be the most impossibly difficult of all shoe-making operations; the fastening of a shoe upper to the insole. Both are already temporarily tacked on the wooden last. The last is put into the machine. Mechanical pincers advance and take hold of the edges of the upper. They get the feel of the leather, and pull it tightly down over the last. The tension they apply is sensitively balanced. The first pull accomplished, the toe pincer yields a little while the side pincers draw the upper still closer to the last. Then the machine

stops for a moment while the operator sees everything is all right, and adjusts it if need be. The machine starts again. Side grips swing into position: they hold the upper to the last; the pincers release and slide away; leaving just enough room for the tacks to be driven in. Down a series of tubes the tacks have been travelling, under pneumatic pressure. The machine points them into the leather, and drives them home; and that operation, one of fifty or more in the machine production of a shoe, is completed. A skilled operator can 'pull over' 800 pairs of shoes a day. Super-subtle machines, these and all their brothers and cousins, uncanny in their sensibility of touch, as cunning as they are swift.

Do I speak of the marvels of machines in terms extravagant? They are not extravagant to me. I make the confession that a beautiful mechanical device gives me the same inner stir as does a poem. I am a poor one to judge impartially the pros and cons of machinery; for mechanics are in my blood, and what's in the blood comes out in the flesh and in the spirit. You may not see it in the same way. Then I only ask you to take some account of my point of view, as I try to do of yours.

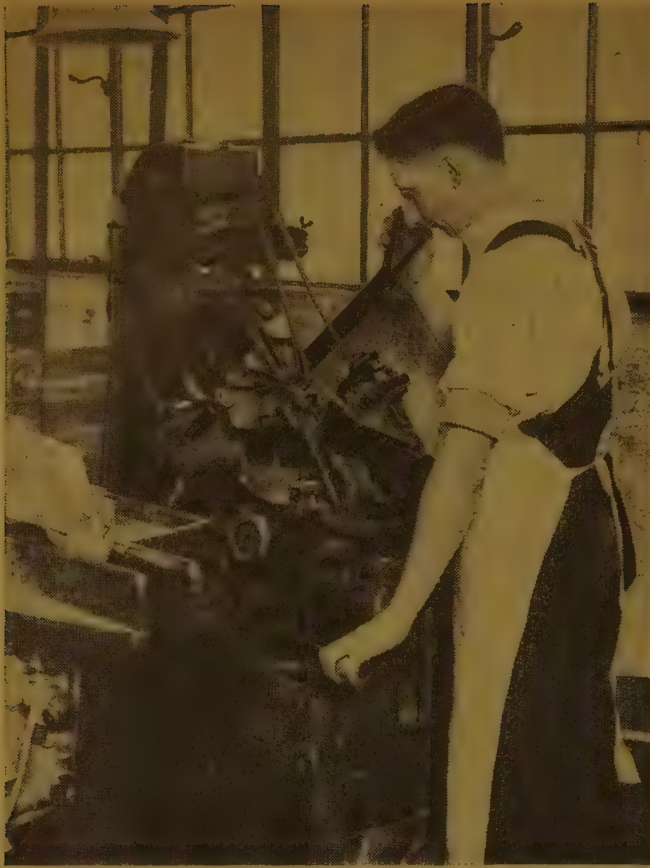
It was in my mind to tell you much more of the science and art of precision measurement, which lies at the base of all good machine construction; to tell you of the micrometer which ten thousand workmen have been using this very day as part of their normal routine; the micrometer which will tell you the size of anything to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

To me, as an apprentice, the micrometer was something which I had heard spoken of in a hushed voice, or seen illustrated in a technical magazine. Today, Tom, Dick and Harry in the engineering shops keep one in a leather case in the pocket. We talked respectfully of sixty-fourths of an inch; now I hear men talking casually of 'half-a-thou.'. I handle those length gauges which are guaranteed to be within a twenty-thousandth of an inch true to length; and I press two of them gently end to end, and I can hardly pluck them apart because they are so true in their surfaces that the very molecules of the steel unite at a touch. I examine the process of making the screw-threads which are the secondary element in accurate measurement. I see the instruments by which their truth is tested to the hundred-thousandth part of an inch. Their shadows are thrown upon a screen, magnified enormously, so that a speck of invisible dust looks like a mountain and the least wandering from perfect accuracy shouts to the eye. I recall these and a score of other exquisite instruments and devices which permit of things round, things flat, and things spiral being made to unbelievable degrees of accuracy, enabling them to be interchanged one with another without sensible difference and to be assembled in perfect working combination with a minimum of hand correction or adjustment. But no more of that. I have two other things to say.



Biscuits by the million

By courtesy of Messrs. Peck Frean & Co.; Photograph: E. O. Hoppé



The guiding hand for the 'pull-over' machine that fastens shoe uppers to the insole

By courtesy of the British United Shoe Machinery Co., Ltd.

One is that it seems to me that to superintend the working of a fine machine, to know its moods and tempers, to coax and coach it to its finest performance, has more of satisfaction in it than is generally understood by those who speak of soul-destroying machinery. The operator can come so to love his machine as to be exceedingly jealous of anyone else handling it. I talked with an old iron-turner, a craftsman if ever there was one, who had worked the same lathe for very many years. The foreman told me that if the old fellow was away ill no one was allowed to touch his lathe; it would hurt the sick man and do no good to the machine. I spoke with another man who had been stood off because of some difference with the foreman. I gathered that what preyed on his mind perhaps more than anything else was the thought that someone else was mucking up his machine. I suggest to you that the tending of a fine machine has in it something of an equivalent for the passing craftsmanship of the hand worker.

Man tires; he needs rest, recreation, sleep. The machine does not tire, needs to rest only long enough for adjustment and repair. It needs no sleep. Then, having sunk a thousand, ten thousand, pounds in tireless machinery, why work it for only seven or eight hours a day, letting it lie idle for the rest of the twenty-four hours? Why not work it continuously with relays of operators? Or, if you don't like the notion of people working through the depth of the night, why not work it on a three-shift system; one lot of people coming from, say, six in the morning to twelve noon, another lot from twelve noon on to six in the evening, and the third lot from six to midnight? In some continuous-process industries that has to be done even now, there is no other way. The question is whether we should seek to make the maximum use of all machinery by working on the three-shift system. The provisions forbidding night-work by women and young persons would, of course, remain in force. You have to weigh the gains that follow from the maximum use of capital sunk in plant and machinery and the higher wages for shorter hours that such a method of working may render possible, against the disorganisation of home and social life that must follow. You must weigh also the loss that may result from having a succession of people minding the same machine and handling the same tools; each tending to blame the others for anything that goes wrong. I think you will come to the conclusion that no sweeping judgment can be given. The factors vary widely between one kind of machine-work and another. But, for my part, I should like to see less resistance to experiment along these lines. We may theorise as much as we like, but only experiment can give sound material for theorising to work on.

My story has been one of the displacement of labour. You

have heard it said that the machine has so increased productivity that never again will it be possible for us to employ the whole of our people, unless we reduce the hours of work, raise the school-leaving age, pension off all over sixty, ration the amount of employment that may be given to women, get rid of some of our surplus population by sending them overseas, and one or two other things. You will form your own judgments; for my part, I don't believe a word of it. It has all been said before in the earlier stages of the advance of mechanisation. It has always proved unfounded. When the masses of our people, and of the people of the world, have the will and the means to demand from industry the goods which are so grievously needed to improve the standard of material life, the multiplied products of the machine, tended by a full labour force, will be absorbed to the uttermost. Shorter hours by all means; a longer schooling and an earlier retirement (for those who would like it) by all means; but these and other things for their own sakes, because they are good in themselves, and not as a remedy for unemployment. Meanwhile, let the scientist, the inventor, the organiser get on with their jobs with a clear conscience. Their task is to enable industry to produce good things with the least human toil. It is not their fault if the things they enable industry to make are not demanded. It is not their fault that the workers displaced are not re-absorbed. The responsibility for all that lies elsewhere; not upon the producer but upon the citizen-consumer. As citizens, we ought, I think, to be alive to this. The improvement of machines and processes, with all its gains, hits and hurts those who are dislodged from their accustomed work by the new devices. It does that even in times of trade activity. It does so much more at a time like the present. Now I find myself always more concerned with attitudes of mind than with policies and measures; and the attitude of mind for which I plead in this matter is one that regards those temporarily displaced by machinery and left unabsorbed as having suffered that the community may benefit, and as being entitled to a treatment from the community on a basis, not of relief of necessity, but of honourable compensation.

Foundations of Music

As an appendix to Mr. Harvey Grace's article in our last issue (page 283) we give below a list of the music to be broadcast in the Foundations of Music series up to the end of June. The broadcasts take place from 6 to 6.30 p.m. each evening except Saturday and Sunday.

Feb. 26	Sixteenth-Century Instrumental Music	Arr. Ernst Meyer
Mar. 5	BRAMHNS, Pianoforte Sonatas	Franz Osborn
" 12	FRANZ, Lieder	John Armstrong
" 19	BEETHOVEN, String Quartets (Op. 18)	Kutcher Quartet
" 26	BEETHOVEN, String Quartets (Op. 18, 95)	Brosa Quartet
April 2	C. P. E. BACH, Pianoforte Sonatas	Helen Perkin
" 9	SCHUBERT, Lieder	George Parker
" 16	Winterreise and Schwanengesang	
" 23	CORELLI, Sonate da Camera (Op. 2 and 4)	John Ticehurst and two violins
" 30	LISZT, Hungarian Rhapsodies	Leslie England
May 7	BACH, Die Kunst der Fuge	C. H. Trevor
" 14	BACH, Die Kunst der Fuge	C. H. Trevor
" 21	MONTEVERDE, Madrigals, Scherzi musicale	Wireless Singers and instrumentalist
" 28	BEETHOVEN, Piano Sonatas (Op. 2, 7, 10)	Edward Isaacs
" 28	BEETHOVEN, Piano Sonatas (Op. 13, 14)	John Hunt
June 4	Primitive Folk Music (Europe)	Arr. Mairer (gramophone records)
" 11	PURCELL, Harpsichord Music	Rudolph Dolmetsch
" 18	SCHUMANN, Frauenliebe und Dichterliebe	Arthur Cranmer and May Blyth
" 24	HANDEL, Trio Sonatas (Op. 2)	Various instrumentalists

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basses, medium for the altos, low for the sopranos, and fairly high for the tenors. The note is long, but the voices overlap in such a way as to produce an effect of reiterated crotchets. Add to this the nuances in all the parts, and the varied markings, from *pp* to *ff*, the slight repercussion of the consonant and the mingled vowel sounds, and it will be seen that what the keyboard gives as a dull repeated note is an extremely subtle bit of colouring.

A word must be said as to the idiom. If the reader will play Ex. 1 he will (unless he is accustomed to the recent choral writing of, say, Vaughan Williams) receive a series of slight shocks. That third chord, for example: surely the tenor F sharp is wrong? It isn't: the passage is a very mild foretaste of the style adopted throughout. Instead of such comfortable material as common chords, successions of thirds, sixths, etc., the newer kind of choral writing deals largely in seconds, fourths, fifths, and sevenths. It is, in fact, a development of primitive methods. We have seen movements 'back to Bach' and 'back to Byrd'; here is a throwback still further—a return to mediævalism, but with the method and material highly subtilised and developed. The subject can only be touched on here: I propose to devote an article to it in the near future. The listener is advised to bring an open mind to the performance; he will find very little dissonance of the type

usually associated with the term 'contemporary music'; and I believe that much of the work will, even on first acquaintance, reveal a beauty at once tender and austere, remote and intimate, and so fitting the text.

I have devoted practically the whole of this article to Mr. Britten's work, not only because it is the longest and most complex, but also because much of what has been said about the style applies also to the four short works by Mr. Rubbra. He, too, has gone to mediæval sources for his text; and his methods are not dissimilar, though he is rather more chromatic than Mr. Britten, especially in the striking 'Planctus' for baritone solo accompanied by six-part chorus vocalising 'ah'. 'Ecce, chorus virginum' will, I expect, please at once by its novel and attractive scheme—a four-part chorus with flute solo.

Mr. Woodgate's 'Te decet Hymnus' has recently been broadcast: it is a telling and straightforward example of writing for double choir.

Mr. Cyril Scott's piano sonata is his second (his first was written twenty-five years ago). It was composed last summer at Rye, and is in one movement, with scherzo and slow-movement elements introduced into the 'free fantasia' section. The sonata is dedicated to Gieseking, and will shortly be published.

HARVEY GRACE

Inquiry into the Unknown—VI

The Study of Telepathy

By HELEN SALTER

NEARLY everybody has views on the subject of telepathy. It is quite the most popular branch of psychical research. For, in the first place, the evidence here is better than the evidence for any other supernormal occurrence. And, secondly, telepathy is a very convenient phrase with which to dismiss most inexplicable happenings. 'Only telepathy', we say, and then think we have settled the matter. In fact, the term 'telepathy' is used so commonly and vaguely that we must define it. It means communication of any kind from one mind to another independently of our ordinary senses. Now is there really any evidence for this ever happening? A very great number of people undoubtedly think they have had perfectly good proof. You yourselves have probably had the experience of someone beginning to talk about a subject that you were thinking of, just as if the other person had known what was in your mind. This may be telepathy, but it may not. You may have been talking about the matter before and so your minds may have been working along the same line. In certain cases people have been tested, and it has been found that they have been able to listen, or to see, so much more keenly than we assume that anyone is able to listen or to see, that their eye or ear may quite unconsciously have given them the information. Or, of course, the fact that the two persons thought of the same thing may have been no more than coincidence. How are we to know?

An American lady, Miss B., was talking to a friend who had spent the winter on a lonely ranch in America and she asked her whether she had any startling experiences. 'Yes', said her friend, 'I killed a large rattlesnake, and you'll never guess what I killed it with'. 'A flat iron', was the answer, and it was right. Now I think most of us would agree that was beyond a likely guess, and it would appear to be very unlikely to be due to coincidence or chance.

Here is another case, and one which I think rules out not only coincidence but the chance of the eye or ear being able to see or hear far more acutely than one knows. An English lady, Miss Mary Paterson, on April 4, 1913, when walking home after dark, suddenly saw against the night-sky a vision (like a picture thrown on a screen, she said it was) of her brother in Australia, who seemed to her to be dying. She had no reason to be anxious about him at the time, but a few days later she heard he had died of a stroke. He was lying unconscious at the time of her vision. I want you to notice one peculiarity about that case: the experience wasn't unusual only because it coincided with something which was actually happening at the time a long way off, it was unusual in itself, and entirely unexpected. Of course some people will say, 'It must be a mistake.

It can't be true. We haven't the proof'. Of course, the only proof which is satisfactory in such a case is for the person to write down at once their impression and to have their account witnessed by two persons on the spot. Then when the news confirming their impression comes through we have a proof that they did know before they were informed by any normal means. There is plenty of such evidence if you care to look it up in the records of the Society for Psychical Research. But many scientists hold that telepathy is not proved. Why? They maintain that if it were a fact it could be made to take place to order—just like the telephone—or at least it should work in a laboratory. They can point to the fact that it doesn't work in that way.

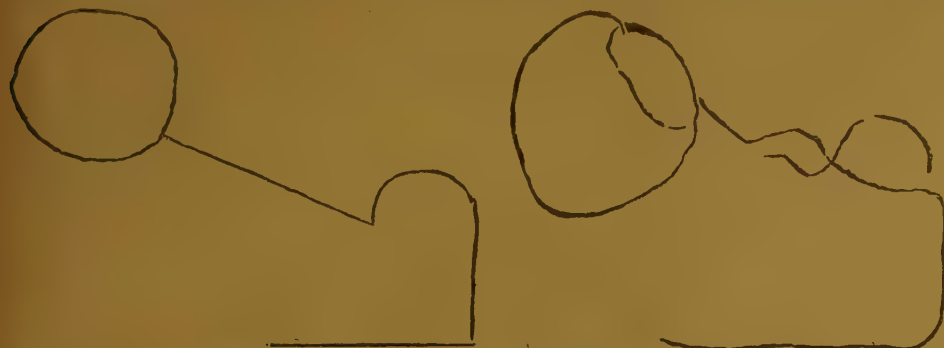
Some of you will remember that a few years ago a large-scale telepathy experiment was carried out in co-operation with the B.B.C.; over twenty-four thousand people took part in it. The results were quite worth getting, because they gave us some interesting hints as to odd ways in which some people's minds work. But the telepathic result of this experiment was *nil*. The conclusion to be drawn is not that there is no such thing as telepathy, but that in the great majority of people it doesn't work in any way we can observe experimentally.

Still, it is untrue to say that there are no examples on record of its taking place under test conditions in the laboratory. For instance, a dozen years ago two distinguished Dutch psychologists carried out a striking experiment in the Psychological Laboratory of the University of Groningen. They had a subject who was supposed to be able to get ideas out of the minds of others. Accordingly, this man was placed in a sort of box in one room while the investigators went into the room above and looked down on him through a glass window in the floor. This was done to make it quite impossible to see or hear anything of what was happening upstairs. In these conditions the investigators thought of various letters and figures, and the man downstairs had to say what they had thought of. Though a great number of experiments were made the letters and figures used were limited to 48, so that, by chance alone, the telepathist would have been right once in every 48 guesses. Actually he was right about 15 times more often than that, which seems to put the whole thing beyond the region of mere guesswork.

We must allow, however, that the study of telepathy has this very great obstacle in its path, that telepathy itself will hardly ever take place if you are paying attention. The subconscious mind is a shy, rather perverse, creature, and it is not much interested in scientific man. I don't want to give

you the idea that experiment isn't possible, but you are not likely to get good results unless you are experimenting with someone who has unusual telepathic powers. In that respect it is very like one's memory. If you make an effort to recall a name, it won't come back into your mind. When you have given up trying and are thinking of something else then it suddenly slips into your thought. That is so common that it has been called the Law of Reversed Effort. The harder you try the tighter that part of your mind shuts.

There are, however, just a few people who can open up the back of their minds almost at will. These people, if you don't startle them, can put themselves into a state of mind in which they can telepathise practically to order. For example, no one



Experiments in thought-transference: the left-hand drawing in each of these pairs was made outside the closed doors of the room in which the experiment was conducted—

who has sat with such a medium as Mrs. Leonard can doubt that in trance she has telepathic powers of a very high order. What these and other mediums tell us is supposed, as you probably know, to come from communicating spirits. You will hear more about that in a later talk by Sir Oliver Lodge. The question need not concern us at the moment, because if communication with spirits is possible, the method by which we communicate is probably telepathic. Why some people should have these unusual powers is not yet clear to us. It is probably something to do with the way their minds are put together; they are rather inclined to leak at the seams, so to speak, which makes it easier for the subconscious ideas to become conscious.

It isn't a big jump from telepathy to automatic writing, because that is another way of dredging up ideas of various kinds from the depths of our mind, and some of these ideas may be telepathic impressions. We say a person writes automatically if he has no clear, conscious idea of what he is writing; his state of mind at the time may vary from something which is almost normal to complete unconsciousness. A great deal of what is written in this way is nothing more than vague, dream-like fancies of no particular interest, but sometimes what is written shows knowledge quite outside the writer's normal range. How is it done?

As it happens, on this particular matter of automatic writing, I can tell you something from my own experience. I happen myself to be one of the people I spoke of whose minds tend to leak, and I have done experiments in automatic writing for a good many years. I never pass into complete unconsciousness—if I did, I should have nothing to tell you about, for I should remember nothing—but I get into a state in which I am barely conscious of my surroundings, and have little recollection afterwards of what I have written. In that state I am inwardly aware of a great number of drifting thoughts, some of which have an odd sort of feel about them which tells me that they come from deep down in my mind, and those are the thoughts I try to catch. I don't always find it easy to catch the right thoughts; I feel rather as one might feel in a dream trying to drive a large herd of pigs of which one knew that only a few were worth penning. And I have at the same time to perform a sort of mental balancing feat: if I fall

over too far on one side towards unconsciousness, I become incapable of writing, and if I fall back too far on the other, I find I have forgotten what I wanted to write. Experience of that kind makes one realise how difficult it is to pursue psychical experiments.

We may yet learn how to make telepathy work at will, but we must face the fact that the persons who seem today to have the faculty are very rare. We shall probably find, however, when we have learnt more about how to watch our minds and to raise what comes in at the subconscious level to the conscious, that there are more people capable of some sort of telepathy.

You must not think that is all. Already we hear quite intelligent persons dismissing all strange communications with that really very odd phrase, 'only telepathy'. What do they mean? I believe they are imagining that telepathy is only another step in telephony and wireless. Let me then say that anyone who has studied the question thoroughly is convinced that these comparisons with radio do not help us at all. Telepathy is certainly very much more wonderful even than that. For example, how are you going to explain how a person in Australia can send a message to a particular person in England so that at once the receiver sees the whole scene which the transmitter wants to put over? Where is

the apparatus in the body, where is the energy in the dying man (so many of these cases are appearances of the dying)? Think of the mechanical plant needed to send and receive television, how the image has to be turned into electric impulses, and these impulses again turned back into light waves, and you will see the immense difficulties in the way of such an explanation.

And here is a case which the radio analogy would find it difficult to explain. Three persons who do not know each other each receive by automatic writing a number of messages. These messages are at last brought together. It is then found that references in one lot of scripts are needed to explain clues in another set, and that the whole collection is tied together by a number of subtle and ingenious cross-references. This is a simple example of the very complicated subject called 'cross



—It was then seen by a second person who, returning to the room, sat beside the Percipient in silent concentration. The right-hand drawing is the Percipient's impression of the image thus made on his mind
By courtesy of the Society for Psychical Research

correspondences'. I haven't time to describe it with any adequacy, but it is one of the most extraordinary of those mysteries which still need an answer.

I think, then, you will agree with me that 'only telepathy' is a startling under-statement. Indeed, I am sure that we are here beginning to get into touch with what is perhaps the strangest of all human faculties. Because it is so strange, it is hard for us to bring it under control at present. But that is all the more reason why we need to push on with investigating it. So we want all the evidence we can get, and if any of you have had interesting experiences which you think you can show to be telepathic, I hope you will write to me (Mrs. W. H. Salter) at Broadcasting House and tell me about them.

From March 13-17 there will be public performances in St. Martin-in-the-Fields of a Pageant Play called 'Seeing's Believing', specially written for the church by Barclay Baron. No charge will be made, and seats cannot be reserved.

*The Weather House—VII**Where the Weather Forecast Comes From*

By R. A. WATSON WATT

LERWICK, 11052, 02634, 22577, 28846. Spitzbergen, 000XX, 372X9, 29719, 06167. Moscow, 90900, 47X90, 28206, 34770. The teleprinter and the message tubes on the fifth floor at the Air Ministry give out gushes of messages like that soon after 7 in the morning, and 1 in the afternoon; and just as the 6 p.m. forecast is coming out of your loudspeaker the raw material for another forecast is beginning to pour into the Meteorological Office by telephone and by teleprinter. Between these high peaks of the meteorologist's day there is a constant stream of information flowing in.

Even the meteorologist is inclined to forget what the full story carried by these cypher messages is. It is only occasionally that he can sit back and look at them quietly, and say to himself, '1106X, 64658, 22658'. That means that at five to seven this morning Coutts at Lerwick pulled on coat and hat and gloves, picked up his notebook and electric torch, and went out to look at the weather. He found a strong west-south-westerly breeze blowing to him from the Atlantic, and so, despite this early hour of a February morning in the Shetlands—the sun wouldn't be up yet, I suppose—it was mild and moist, just how mild and how moist he would measure in a few minutes. He knew the wind was a strong breeze, about 27 m.p.h., not just a fresh breeze, not so much as a moderate gale, because of a lot of little signs he had learned to use in estimating wind strength, signs which include smoke drifting and leaves rustling, and branches swaying and slates falling; but for a dearth of suitable trees and suitable leaves he could have judged the 27 m.p.h. from the book of the words which says: 'Fresh breeze—small trees in leaf begin to sway, crested wavelets on inland waters'. 'Strong breeze—large branches moving; whistling in telegraph wires, umbrellas difficult'. (Not that any reputable meteorologist would carry an umbrella at seven in the morning.) 'Moderate gale—whole trees in motion; hard walking against wind'. His sky was completely covered with nimbus—the continuous rain guaranteed it as nimbus—and again, by experiences which included sending up toy balloons and seeing how long it took them to get lost in clouds, he could judge pretty accurately that the nimbus was 800 feet up. The air was moderately clear, familiar landmarks told him that he would be able to see six miles or so, not merely the two miles or less of 'poor visibility', not so much as the twelve of 'good visibility'. Rain had begun since last observation—it was only half clouded at 1 a.m.—the water collected in the measuring-glass inside his copper rain-gauge showed that a fifth of an inch had fallen. Emptying the glass, putting back the collecting funnel, he had turned from the rain-gauge to the whitened wooden 'meat-safe' that held his thermometers, four feet above ground. The 'meat-safe' is there to prevent the thermometers from acting as wireless receivers or senders, in the sense of our early talks; the louvres are designed to give a free circulation of air round the thermometers. His electric torch showed the 'dry bulb' as indicating an air temperature of 44 degrees F.; the 'wet bulb', as he expected, was hardly a trace lower, the air was very nearly saturated with moisture.

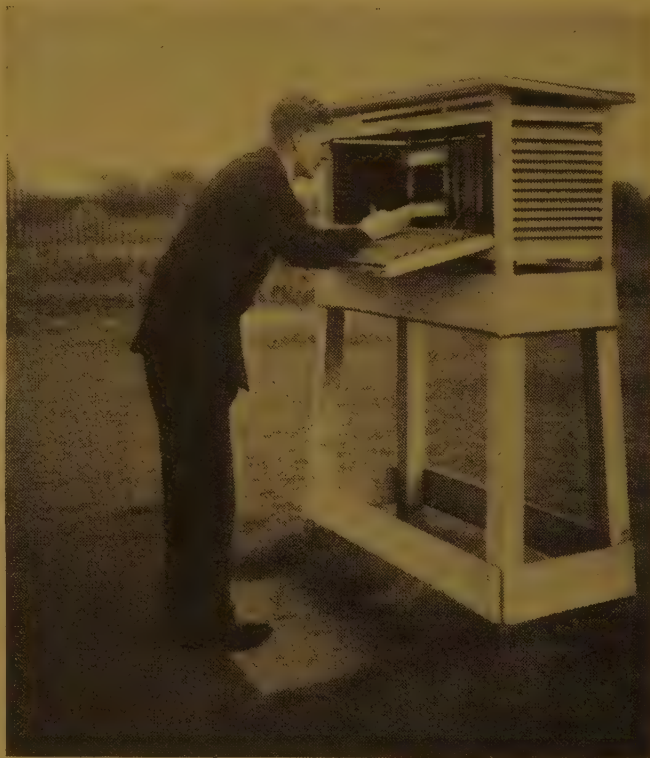
Shaking the drips from his hat away, so that they didn't fall on the instruments, he had then read the very cunningly simple thermometers that leave an indicator at the highest and lowest temperatures they had reached during the day and night, 40 degrees and 34 degrees this morning, shaken the indicators back to start their job afresh, made seven o'clock time marks on the recording instruments in case the clocks carrying the record were going fast or slow, and had gone indoors again to read his barometer and his recording aneroid, all this, as nearly as possible, on the stroke of seven. The barometer reading had to be 'corrected' for the temperature of the mercury; the aneroid told him that 'the glass' had fallen 8 millibars, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -tenths of an inch, in the last three hours, to reach its present level of 1001 millibars. And then, having taken a blue card out of the sunshine recorder, another cunningly simple device, with a glass ball which acted as a burning glass, concentrating the sun's rays on the card and burning a trace on it so long as the sun shone, he measured the sunshine score for yesterday, 5.9 hours, pretty good for a February day in the Shetlands.

The Daily Weather Report contains more than two hundred 'human documents' of this kind for every fixed hour of observation, 7 a.m., 1 p.m., 6 p.m., telling the experiences of the great meteorological brotherhood scattered all over the map of Europe, all at the same hour—well, nearly at the same hour—doing the same thing to similar instruments, writing telegrams in the same code, and sending them off with urgency to their central offices. At very nearly the same moment the man in Spitzbergen was thawing his

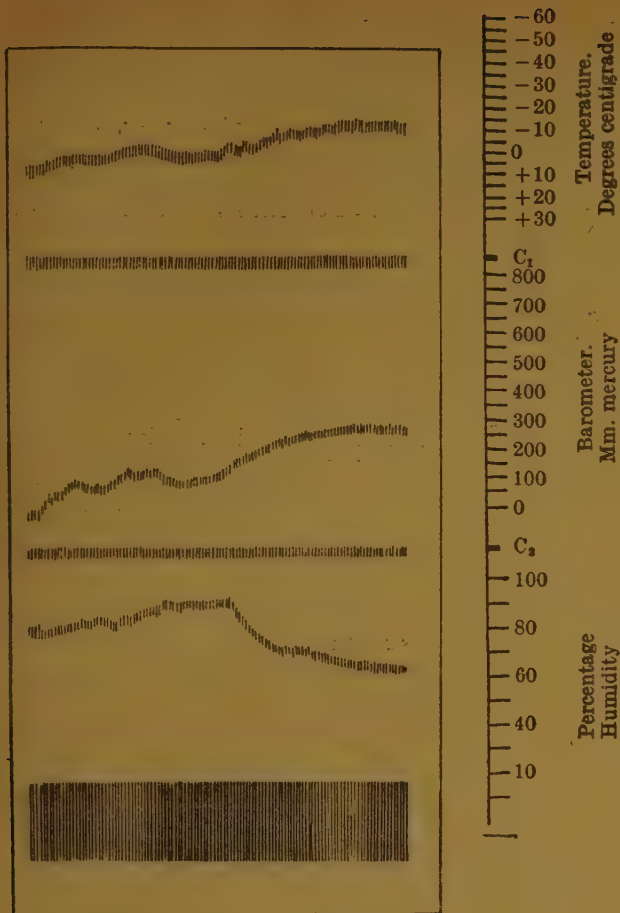
stiffened fingers to telegraph about a temperature of -8 degrees F. in a calm under a cloudless sky, with a crisp air in which he could see more than thirty miles; an hour later by a London clock, but a good deal later by his own clock, a comrade in Moscow was stamping through the snow, which was still falling, though slight, to read a temperature of 32 degrees F., just freezing, warmer than yesterday's highest of 28 degrees F., though it had got down to 23 degrees F. a few hours before. His sky was overcast too, but the snow was falling from clouds about 4,000 feet up.

When I said two hundred documents, I meant tabulated statements, but the so-called British section of this amazing weather newspaper, which reaches us in London on the evening of the same day, and which is all over Britain in next morning's post, is still more thrilling. It contains a chart of weather in the northern hemisphere which gives you shorthand pictures of what men were doing and feeling at the same time up the Nile in Aswan and Wady Halfa, at the same moment out along the trans-Siberian Railway (twenty degrees of frost and a clear sky at Vladivostok), at the same moment out in ships on the high Atlantic (snowing at Cape Race), and at the same moment all over North America (twenty degrees of frost also in Nantucket, sixty degrees of frost near the southern end of Hudson Bay).

Try to get this picture of daily international co-operation alive in your minds, this triumphantly silent running of a meteorological League of Nations that was working long before



The meteorologist's 'meat-safe' in which his thermometers are kept to prevent them from acting as 'wireless receivers' or 'senders'
Royal Air Force official; Crown copyright reserved



Record of weather factors made by a Dieckmann receiver, which operates on principles of synchronising, etc., generally similar to those of the Fultograph picture receiver

From 'Nature'

the Geneva days, and you will find it inspiring and encouraging. Into London and Paris and Berlin, into Oslo and Stockholm and Warsaw and Helsinki and Moscow and Washington, these telegrams flow, speaking a universal weather language of astounding compactness, and in all these and many other places they are decoded and built up into weather maps where, long before noon in London, you can read the weather news of the 7 a.m. world. And again these weather maps are in an international shorthand; I have sat in the weather offices in Paris and Berlin, in Bergen and Tromsø, and read the weather news without any call on my little French, less German, and no Norwegian.

It is on these maps that the forecaster builds up his pictures of battle fronts and isobaric systems; though I contrasted the two kinds of picture, most forecasters, including the Norwegians, use both aids to complete representation. Charts of isobars and air-masses and fronts, and sometimes charts of 'isallobars', that is, of areas of equal change of barometer height, and sometimes separate charts of cloud systems, and—very important nowadays—diagrams showing the temperature conditions read by specially fitted aeroplanes making meteorological flights, and other diagrams showing the wind strengths at heights up to the cloud levels, measured by the toy balloons I have mentioned above; all these pictures the forecaster draws to help him towards estimating what the weather of tomorrow is to be like. And they have to be drawn on top of maps showing the geographical features of the land and sea, because the height and steepness of mountains, for example, have a great effect on the making of weather from the ingredients which we have discussed in these talks.

Why, with all this elaborate machinery of observation, and high-speed interchange of information by line telegraph and telephone, and by wireless, with all the study that has been given to the physics of meteorology, are the forecasts limited to short periods, comparatively seldom over twenty-four hours, and why are they sometimes incorrect even for these short periods? And why do they sometimes sound vague and almost 'hedging' to the ordinary listener? Well, first, there is a

general reason applying to the world as a whole. Despite the fact that observations up to the ground floor ceiling can now be made, they can only be made occasionally, far less frequently and at far fewer places than would be required for a really detailed knowledge of the state of the weather layer at each of the fixed hours of observation. We cannot yet conceive as practically attainable a state in which there are enough aeroplane ascents to provide this missing data about the weather layer. It is true that *ballons sondes* which automatically report by wireless as they go aloft have been used in the recent Polar Year observations. But they are too expensive to be very widely used; at best the cost could only be justified if they provided results with regularity and certainty, and if the risk of loss of the instruments could be much reduced.

The next reason applies with especial force to our own islands. There are parts of the world where the run of the weather is so regular that forecasting is usually quite an easy job, even the forecasting of disturbances. That a hostess in the West Indies can invite you for an afternoon visit, and say, 'Come before the thunderstorm', shows the kind of thing I mean. But here in the cockpit of Europe we have great variability, and that variability is largely controlled by things happening in the Arctic regions and by things happening out in the Atlantic. Very important members of the family of air rivers that we discussed last week are the cascades of air which flow down from the icy plateau of Greenland into the Northern Atlantic; the forecaster who sees evidence of a fresh off-flow of cold air from Greenland looks out for the formation of new low-pressure systems in the Atlantic. But the number of observing stations in the Arctic is disappointingly though necessarily small, while even the immense and comparatively recent advantage of wireless reports from ships leaves us still very doubtful of the day-to-day details of Atlantic weather.

The task of the forecaster is to recognise the weather situation of the moment and how it came about, to identify the important features of the situation and estimate how they will travel, how they will change in travelling, and what effects will be produced by the nature of the country over which they travel. We in Great Britain, with our weather coming up to us from the Atlantic, are handicapped by not knowing very much about new features until they are near our western seaboard; our Continental neighbours have the advantage that we act as a forward observation post for them; they get our cast-off weather, although they have their own troubles in estimating how it will fit itself to their country.

The failures of the forecaster are due to mis-reading of inadequate signs and symptoms; his apparent 'hedging' is usually only apparent—those who have learned how to listen to the forecasts know that phrases like 'local mist or fog', and 'showers in places' are more definite than they seem. The forecast prepared in a central office is, in fact, only intended to guide the local forecaster, professional or amateur. Forecasting for a particular place can only be done effectively by a scientific meteorologist with intimate local knowledge, who knows how his district moulds its own weather supply out of the general situation. The important work of aviation forecasting is done in this way; each important flying centre has its local forecasting centre working with all the information that the meteorological League of Nations can give it, but applying the information with full knowledge of local peculiarities.

In no science has the amateur a more important place. The British Rainfall Organisation, and the Thunderstorm Census are good examples of co-ordinated amateur work, while the Royal Meteorological Society blends the interests of a great preponderance of amateur and of the handful of professional meteorologists very happily and successfully. The future of weather science depends not so much on the professional as on the public; the facilities for meteorological research in Great Britain, despite its very creditable record, are preposterously inadequate. Its future depends on public interest and support—which means that it depends on you.

The sole object of *New Stories*, whose first number has just appeared (price 1s. 6d.), is to provide a mode of publication for short stories of high literary quality (whether they are the work of unknown or of well-known authors) for which the ordinary quarterly, monthly and weekly periodicals offer too limited a scope. H. E. Bates, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Hamish Miles, Edward O'Brien, L. A. Pavey and Geoffrey West form the editorial board, and among the contributors to this first issue are Orgill Mackenzie, Romer Wilson and Stephen Spender.

Trans-Atlantic Misconceptions

(Continued from page 301)

understanding as are most of the dinners of the Pilgrims. That their intentions are for the best and with the best motives, I have no doubt. But often in this world, alas! we defeat our intentions by the way in which we execute them, and functions like the Pilgrim dinners are apt to fail of their purpose because they leave out of account the stuff out of which has grown the traditional feeling of America towards the English. It is important to realise that that feeling continues to predominate because the opinions of most Americans about Englishmen and of most Englishmen about Americans are largely derived at second-hand if not fourth-hand. Despite all the changes, only a negligible percentage of English and Americans, and not always representative samples, see each other face to face and come to know each other intimately. In this connection you must remember that regionalism plays a part with us, as it does with you, only much more so. There have always been lively currents of intercourse between a highly select class of Englishmen and their friends on the American seaboard. Englishmen have intimate connections with New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, and they think they know the United States. Nothing could be further from the truth. What happens is that members of the same limited social classes in England and America thereby infect each other with their social biases instead of serving as agents for the interchange of national feeling. The story goes that when Mr. Balfour came to the United States in 1917, he asked Colonel House how he might best learn the feelings and opinions of the great body of the American people. Colonel House is reported to have replied that the quickest way would be to spend a week-end on fashionable Long Island, and the opposite of what he heard there would be a good guess at what the American people thought. That is why the Middle West is such an enigma to Englishmen, because they do not know the Middle West and get their view about it from American friends in Boston or New York or Philadelphia, or from the Eastern Press, which also does not understand the Middle West. Hardly any Englishman ever goes to Emporia, Kansas, to visit a man like William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette*, and yet that is a far better source of enlightenment on American feeling than most of the eminent men in New York, who are made to speak for the United States. The consequences are often very serious. When a leading English statesman, in a speech intended for America, says that even the Middle West ought to be able to understand his argument, is it any wonder that two-thirds of America should again be confirmed in its belief that the English are supercilious and superior? Suppose an American Cabinet officer should say that even Birmingham and Manchester ought to be able to understand. Such an attitude, of course, is born not at all of ill-will, but comes from ignorance about American life. It will bear reiteration that historic experiences leave impressions, biases if you will, and these biases flare up into renewed life when fresh experience seems to reveal a similar attitude.

Therefore it becomes most important to consider how we get the pictures in our minds of one another. Since our ideas about you are so largely formed from the impression you give us about ourselves, I should like to consider the sources of English opinion regarding America. I have already indicated that first-hand knowledge is very restricted, and even where possessed is apt to be fragmentary and unrepresentative. Perhaps that is the fault of our bigness and complexity. The complications of our government, the fact that we have a central government and forty-eight states with their separate governments, makes the understanding of our political problems, for instance, very difficult. We cannot complain of that, because the Englishman takes comparatively little interest in the problems of federalism in the Dominions of Canada and Australia. But it does sometimes lead to an almost irritating detachment as to the way in which those queer people, the Americans, are governed. Why can't you have, we are frequently asked, a good cabinet form of government and be done with it? Here again, the Englishman illustrates his intellectual insularity, his lack of curiosity about our history and our difficulties, his failure to realise that to govern a continent is a very different thing from governing a tight little island. After all, the great educational centres are the fountainheads of knowledge, and perhaps

it is not merely the vanity of Americans that is surprised to find the deep neglect of the study of American institutions in your universities. A beginning is being made, but only a mild beginning. In saying this, I am not forgetting that one of the best books ever written about the American government was by an Englishman, Lord Bryce, and only the other day another countryman of yours, Mr. D. W. Brogan of the London School of Economics, brought out a penetrating study of my country. Nevertheless, it is true that American history is still very much of a stepchild, and this, I think, largely accounts for the absence of natural centres of correction for wrong and inadequate notions about the United States.

As a result, the vast influence of sectionalism in the whole life of the United States, cultural and economic as well as political, is something that is very remote from the knowledge of Englishmen. You think of the United States as all of a piece. In fact, however, apart from the great differences between the metropolitan areas and the countryside, the United States is a confederation of great regions. About the industrial and financial East there is a deal of knowledge among you, but very little, on the whole, of the feelings and sensibilities, the outlook and the interests of the South, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. You learn about those places and those people largely through the distortions of the movie, and so romance and riot are your dominant impressions. While all of you know about Al Capone, probably not one in ten thousand has heard of Jane Addams. Yet Jane Addams is at least as significant of America as was Al Capone.

This is where the Press comes in. I am not criticising; I am reporting. It is a fact that your normal flow of news from the United States is through New York and Washington. Now, in many ways, New York is least representative of the currents of the United States. Washington is, of course, the political centre of the nation, but the currents of the country are only registered in Washington and not set up there. What the 'folks back home' think and feel can hardly be known, therefore, through the clicking of a typewriter either in New York or Washington. When the Middle West or South breaks into print for you, it is usually because of some sensational murder or horrible lynching or some prison riot not unlike the one at Dartmoor. What is needed is that the exciting and violent and incomprehensible aspects of American life should be projected against the background of the everyday, familiar, normal ways of life of 130,000,000 people in the setting of the varied circumstances of a continent. I know that the familiar is not news. A great American editor once said, 'When a dog bites a man, that's not news; when a man bites a dog, that's news'. But what is the everyday in the United States, so familiar that it is taken for granted, is quite unfamiliar to you, and so could be made news, but that means tapping the centres of life beyond the Atlantic seaboard. The surviving historical fictions and feelings on your side will gradually be displaced only if through the Press and over the wireless, through school histories and through personal contact, there is built up a sense and a feeling of what America—its vast, sprawling, groping civilisation—is like. Then, though you will find that the Americans have their oddities and eccentricities and enough of violence and intensity both to thrill and puzzle you, you will also come to see these excesses in the perspective of the whole, and you will find that the community between your people and ours is ever so much greater than our differences. Not that I should wish to minimise the differences. But you would understand our differences better and enjoy them more, and we should feel that you did enjoy them, or at least were pleasantly amused by them, and did not merely look at them with indifference or with chilly disapproval.

And now I must bring to a close what has been an uncongenial task. For implied in the invitation to tell you how you seem to Americans was the suggestion that I deal with only part of the truth, and the lesser part, namely, the faults that Americans see in you. It would have been so much easier, and more sympathetic to my feeling, to have enlarged upon your virtues. But it is not the least of your qualities that you would have been more displeased had I described to you the virtues you possess instead of attempting to indicate some of the faults that you do not know you have.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Mr. Shaw and the Gold Standard

In Mr. Shaw's synopsis of post-War economics he had occasion to refer to the Gold Standard. 'Anybody', he said, 'who had an English five-pound note could go into the Bank of England and demand and receive five golden sovereigns for it. This was called being on the Gold Standard.' He then continued to explain that when, in September 1931, this privilege was refused, we had gone off the Gold Standard. This statement contains an error in detail. The Gold Standard Act of 1925 contained a certain amendment upon the regulations of the Bank Act of 1844, by which the Bank, while remaining under the obligation to sell gold at the fixed purchase price in legal tender, only does so in the form of bars containing approximately 400 ounces troy of fine gold. In practice, therefore, gold is only obtainable in minimum lots of £1,700. This refinement should indicate how little relevance actual convertibility of bank notes has to the Gold Standard. In the post-War world, where gold is no longer in circulation, all bankers would agree that the whole of the gold which their Central Banks possess is required only for one reason, namely, the settlement of temporary deficits in the balance of international indebtedness. The movements of gold between Central Banks which take place on this account, through their changing effects upon the price and income structures of the countries concerned, in their turn affect the movements of trade until a new equilibrium in the balance of payments is attained. The fact that convertibility of five-pound notes was suspended was not, as Mr. Shaw appears to suggest, the real significance of our going off the Gold Standard. The real meaning was that owing to a continuous gold drain from the Bank of England to abroad, which seemed likely to increase rather than decrease, the Government decided upon the suspension of gold payments, thereby withdrawing gold from its proper and significant function which I have already indicated. This function has now been assumed by the fluctuations of our present managed paper currency on the foreign exchanges. In this country the £ sterling actually commands a somewhat greater purchasing power over goods and services than it did in September 1931; and as the greater part of the world has followed us in our abdication from the Gold Standard, purchasing power abroad has also been maintained and even increased through a continued fall in world prices. Is it goods or sovereigns which the housewife wants for her five-pound note?

Bristol

S. R. WRAGG

Mr. Shaw's dramatically impassioned broadcast was marred by one gross mis-statement. He based some of his derision of our politicians on the supposition that we did not go off the Gold Standard until after the last General Election. To quote THE LISTENER reprint: 'The election shouting was hardly over when we came off the Gold Standard like a hen off a hot griddle'. This is, of course, a fantastic perversion. We came off the Gold Standard on September 21, and the General Election took place on October 27, 1931. The government at that election made no 'impassioned appeal to the voters to save the country from utter dishonour and bankruptcy by saving the Gold Standard at all cost'.

London, W. 1

HUMPHREY TOULMIN

[We have received many letters correcting Mr. Bernard Shaw on this point—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'The King's Tryall'

Having noticed some correspondence in your columns concerning the recent broadcast of the Trial of King Charles the First, I should like to give you a few impressions which that Trial produced upon a student of the history of the seventeenth century. It looks as though the producer of this broadcast has the same sort of respect for historical accuracy as the makers of that popular British film, 'The Private Life of Henry VIII'. At any rate, it was for me as I listened to it little more than a burlesque, and the presentation of the Trial was very biased, as can be seen from the following points:

(1) The broadcast opened with misleading statements about the Treaty of Newport, making it appear as though Charles was about to conclude satisfactory peace terms with Parliament when the Army arbitrarily interfered, and by turning out the Presby-

terian majority ruined the chances of peace. Nothing was said to show that Charles had so frequently gone back on his word that it was unsafe to trust it any longer, particularly in view of his having deliberately stirred up a second Civil War after the first had been concluded. (2) Nowhere in the Trial was the heavy charge against Charles stressed, i.e., that he or his agents introduced Irish troops in the attempt to subdue England, in spite of his knowledge of the appalling Irish rebellion of 1641, and the subsequent execution of Strafford for planning to bring over Irish troops. Surely, this point ought to have been at least mentioned in justice to the prosecutors of Charles. (3) The whole significance of the Army's interference in politics at this time was missed. No attempt was made to show that the Army really represented all that was most progressive, right-thinking and uncorrupt in Puritan England at the time. Instead, we were given a picture which led us to suppose that the Army represented mere brutal force upsetting and making a mock of an elected Parliament. As the Long Parliament had already sat for seven years or so, and entirely outworn any mandate it may have originally received, it is perfectly good sense to consider, as most historians have done, that the Army more truly represented the national spirit. The unfortunate impression was accentuated by the unpleasant voice and part given to Cromwell. (4) The character of Hugh Peters, the preacher, was grossly travestied, and he was made to appear as a sort of forerunner of Titus Oates, whereas, in fact, a very different idea will be obtained from anybody who reads S. R. Gardiner's History, or any other unbiased and recent work. (5) The listener would receive the impressions from the 'Tryall' that the King's judges and the Court generally only just managed to preserve decent order against an overwhelming display of pro-Charles feeling among the spectators in Court. But, in fact, Clarendon (who was, of course, strongly biased pro-Charles) makes it clear that there was at least a substantial minority present in Court who were as violently vociferous against Charles as those who interrupted on his behalf. It would have been fairer, therefore, if the expression of public opinion had been represented more equally on both sides.

Pontefract

HENRY J. DUNN

If your correspondent, F. H. Hayward, had been acquainted with the original sources of New England history, you would have been spared an attempt to belittle the broadcast 'The King's Tryall' on the score that 'its episodes will not bear examination', and that it was a 'dishing up of Restoration fiction' to apply the words 'a debauched man' to Hugh Peters. From 1635 to 1641 that worthy was minister of the church of Salem, in New England, and during his pastorate there became so entangled with two women at the same time as to cause grave scandal. As Peters had the saving grace of being orthodox in the opinion of the Theocrats of the Bay State, the business was duly hushed up. If your correspondent will study the seventh volume of the Fourth Series of the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections he will widen his knowledge of the female-susceptible Peters, and learn that he cannot ascribe to 'Restoration fiction' an episode which happened in far-away New England long before the Restoration.

Highbury

H. C. S.

Political Affairs in Austria

With ever-increasing dissatisfaction I have been following the series of Mr. Vernon Bartlett's talks on foreign politics, as far as Austria is concerned. The article on 'Actions and Reactions in European Affairs', in your issue of January 31, especially is a gross misrepresentation of the political problem.

Yes, Austria 'is a German country'—far more so than Prussia, whose population consists at least of 50 per cent. Slavs who were Germanised in the course of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by the Teutonic Order, at a time when Austria had already given to Germany her national epic, the 'Nibelungenlied'. Under the Habsburg dynasty Austria was for about six centuries the head, heart and shield of the Holy Roman Empire, asserting her leading position even after its dissolution in 1806, till sixty years afterwards Bismarck's policy ousted Austria from the German Confederation. (By the way,

illegal means were not unknown to Prussian policy at that time: the famous 'Legion Klapka' that Bismarck formed of Hungarian emigrants to revolutionise the Magyars against their rightful King, tunes in most admirably with Hitler's 'Austrian Legion'. The war of 1866 has left a deep grudge in the hearts of all true Austrians; it may partly account for their strong desire to remain independent. There were but few people unwilling to put up with this solution of the 'German question' in the micropolitical (*kleindeutsch*) sense, brought about by Prussia despite any 'economic, political and racial facts', but assuring her hegemony in Germany.

The pan-Germanists in parliament, though inferior in number, made it impossible for the Emperor Francis Joseph to introduce a federal constitution in 1871. It would have meant a regeneration of the Empire whilst securing a peacefully predominant influence of the German element. (It is absolutely ridiculous to fancy that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was 'based . . . upon force and the domination of an Emperor in Vienna' alone. Only perfect ignorance of all the facts can account for such an opinion. The records of the last fifteen years plainly show that the Empire was based upon urgent political and economical necessities.) Notwithstanding the 'weakness' of the monarchy Mr. Bartlett is pleased to allude to, it was able victoriously to sustain the terrible shock of the War.

After the disaster of 1918, the pan-Germanists and even the Socialists—merely expecting a reinforcement of their parliamentary position—would look upon Germany and proclaim the 'indomitable' wish to unite with her. Save for verbose declarations to this effect, the other partner to this scheme, Germany, did not seem over-delighted at the idea of having to book Austria on the left side of the ledger. Neither did Germany make proof of very friendly feelings towards us in a political and economic way. Whoever got to know the German brother-in-arms during the War will take it for granted that the *Anschluss* would mean Austria's lapsing into a Prussian satrapy inhabited by helots, and the total ruin of our industry and trade. The development as sketched above has caused the *Anschluss* policy to remain an ornamental dogma in the political canons of the different parties, a dogma they could not well part with, since this would have furnished their adversaries in parliament with a welcome means of accusing them of treason.

On its rising, the Nazi movement naturally was hailed by the remnants of the pan-Germanists, left without any constituents, by disappointed Socialists and misguided youths—*sunt pueri pueri* . . . It is not for me to decide how many of the Nazis in Austria may be idealists and how many cannot be considered to be above the suspicion of mercenary interests, engendered by the lure of the 'rolling mark' and the hopes of advancement in the Nazi hierarchy of a would-be German-controlled Austria. Suffice it to say that the Nazis in Austria are not nearly as strong as they are overbearing and that, *Deo favente*, 'Austria will conquer Austria'. Switzerland sustained bloody fights to shake off the domination of the Habsburgs and maintain her independence notwithstanding 'economic, political and racial facts'. Of course, Hitlerism was not yet invented (1315-1499)! I think that it would be but fair to admire Austria as well as Switzerland for taking up the cudgels for herself.

Vienna

HANS HEINRICH BLUMENTHAL

[Mr. Bartlett refers to his previous broadcasts on Austria in the talk printed on page 308 of this week's issue—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Paul Klee

It is heartening to observe, from the evidence in these columns, that at least three kinds of people can get excited about the work of Paul Klee. Beside the professional critics (Mr. Read and Mr. Grigson), we have the 'ordinary middle-aged woman'—for whom Mrs. Turner supplies a very frank and characteristic mouthpiece—and Messrs. Alston and Foggie, who may or may not be practising artists, but are obviously groping—pretty vainly too—in some sort of academic murk.

When Mr. Alston remarks that 'delicate sensibility of line has meant several things in the past' but proceeds to deny it to Klee, his opinions about the past, as well as about Klee, become suspect. As even the most elementary and inadequate account of the types and functions of 'line'—such as Mr. Roger Fry has attempted in 'Some Modern Drawings' (*Transformations*, p. 197)—would take many pages, perhaps it is enough to state (a) that Holbein and Handwriting don't exhaust the possible categories, (b) that lines may differ in *timbre* and *tempo* according to their purpose, the medium used, and the hand that guides them, and (c) that Klee, an accomplished exponent of all kinds

of line, is a master of one. His typical and most personal line—a pensive gesture adventuring nervously into space—is not very prominently represented at the Mayor Gallery exhibition, and not apparent at all in the otherwise admirable reproduction which accompanied Mr. Read's recent article. Fortunately it is the one quality of Klee's work which can be studied with profit in any of the illustrated monographs on his work. And it will be their loss and nobody's gain if neither the 'ordinary' nor the 'academic' correspondents above-mentioned try to rise above their respective prejudices. For Klee, almost alone among contemporary Western painters of the first order, offers facets of appeal to both. If Mrs. Turner would look at his drawings quite simply (a difficult thing to do) she would be amused and pleased; and if Messrs. Alston and Foggie would open their eyes to the purely technical qualities of tone and texture, they might replace their rather discreditable present reactions to Klee's work by something very like awe.

It is natural and perhaps pardonable to wonder whether anyone but a draughtsman can properly appreciate Klee's art. By appreciation I mean not only enjoying it, but understanding it; and therefore mildly regretting the precise nature of its motives, its general appeal, and its probable influence. That is a specialist matter, however, and not yet for THE LISTENER.

St. Margarets-on-Thames

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

Two letters in your issue of February 7 call for some reply. To Mrs. Turner I would say that if she would recognise the charm she finds in her children's drawings at its proper value she would be on the way towards appreciating some aspects of modern art. Some of the instinctive qualities of art, particularly the sense of colour harmony, are undoubtedly more readily accessible to children than to adults.

In reply to Mr. Alston, I would say that sensibility as expressed in line varies in exact relation to the artist's personality and that the difference he describes between the line of Holbein and the line of Rowlandson is sufficiently explained by the difference in their respective personalities. The analogy with handwriting is obvious. An artist's line is a particularly sensitive kind of handwriting. Klee's line is of this kind and is strictly comparable with Holbein's or Rowlandson's. If Mr. Alston is not familiar with Klee's drawings, he might be interested to know that a publication devoted to them is now open to subscription. I should be glad to send particulars to any readers of THE LISTENER.

London, N.W. 3

HERBERT READ

Thanks are due to THE LISTENER for labelling the illustration on page 108 'Landscape'. Few ordinary folk would have known or remotely recognised it as such. We should have expected some such label as: 'Fourth prize for competition for children under nine years of age'. To quote from this article on Paul Klee: 'His type of art should be clearly distinguished from some of the aspects of Surrealism. Klee has nothing in common with the macabre exploitation of the Freudian unconscious [we suppose that someone knows what all this means!]; his vision is more childlike and innocent', etc. I would substitute 'childish' for 'childlike'. Many ordinary folk prefer a streak of truth in a picture to a freakish childish puzzle.

Mere

'STILL PUZZLED'

Opera Today

If Mr. Schoen will refer to my original article he will see that it was written 'merely' (as he puts it) to traverse a statement made in another paper to the effect that certain contemporary operas were as familiar to the German public as 'Tristan' and 'Aida'. Mr. Schoen has now agreed with me that this statement is preposterous, so there is no more to be said. Possibly it was so preposterous that the point was not worth making; but I happen to possess a constitutional dislike of inaccuracy.

As to the other points in Mr. Schoen's letter, he has no right whatever to assume that I am hostile to the production of contemporary operas. On the contrary, if he will again refer to my original article, he will see that I urged the desirability of including at least one contemporary opera in every season. Lastly, when Mr. Schoen talks of 'opera, as we know it today' being 'a product of middle-class liberalism', he may, or may not, be right. He is, at any rate, beside the point. 'Opera as we know it today' could not possibly have been envisaged either by the words I used or the general context. Opera *was* invented by aristocrats and the establishment of the overwhelming majority of the great German Opera Houses *was* due to Princes and not to municipalities; they merely 'took over'.

London, S.W. 3

FRANCIS TOYE

Relief by Public Assistance

I am grateful to Mr. Challenor for his reply. He says in effect that I am wrong about the children's two-shilling allowance because in fact 'the Council has not fixed any scale of relief for children', or for anybody else. Technically and officially this is quite correct, but such an official disclaimer is unconvincing to people who have had experience on Relief Committees. They know that no one now talks of 'scales' or even of 'guides', which was at one time the substituted word: but they know also that in fact and in practice a yardstick is used for measuring the needs of applicants, and that, whatever the name, it is the same yardstick and is used in the same way. An administration must be judged, as Mr. Challenor rightly says, by what is generally practised, not, I would add, by its carefully-drafted official statements. To deny that the insurance benefit scale has been the yardstick which in the vast majority of cases has determined the amount of relief is to deny a fact which in the poorer parts of London is known even to the sparrows on the housetops.

Next as to long term unemployment: I am well aware that some Committees—not by any means all—do supplement State benefits, particularly in cases where the rent is high. In such cases the practice is to assume that 5s. out of the State scale are for rent and to give supplements up to 7s. for higher rents. Now, Mr. Challenor makes a great point of the fact that 2,088 families on the State Benefit Scale received from public assistance a supplementation which on the average amounted to nearly 8s. per family. But I must point out that of that 8s. on the average not less than 6s. must have been on account of rents higher than 5s. Thus the supplementation per family on account of food, fuel, light, clothing, boots, insurance and sundries amounted to something under 2s. a week.

London, S.W.5

F. G. PRATT

The Fir Bolg

In your issue of February 7 you review M. Henri Hubert's work on the *Rise of the Celts*. You write, 'There is just one page in which he permits himself the relaxation of pointing out that the Fir Bolg, who inhabited Ireland, were really "the Men with the Bags", or, in more drawing-room English, "the Men with the Trousers"'. And he continues: "As for the Goidels, they wore no trousers at all. Thus the costume of the Highlander is a faithful witness to the Goidelic origin of the Scots"'. It is a pity that M. Hubert permitted himself this relaxation, for in *Phases of Irish History*, by Eoin MacNeill, Professor of Ancient Irish History in the National University of Ireland, Dr. MacNeill (pp. 76, 77) writes that 'the Fir Bolg, or "Men of the Bags", obtained that name from an industrial connection with leathern bags', and goes on to say, 'The manner of their trade was this. They put Irish earth into leathern bags, and exported it to the East, where they sold it to the Greeks to be spread on the ground around their cities as a protection against venomous reptiles. From this trade they got the name of Bagmen'.

Putney

HERBERT WOOD

A Scottish Salem

Mr. Kurt Hahn, co-founder with Prince Max of Baden of the Salem Schools and the Salem system of education, whose broadcast and lectures at the Institute of Education have recently aroused general interest among parents, teachers, etc., has agreed—in response to many requests for a practical demonstration of the results of the method in this country—to receive suitable pupils. A school, for the time being for boys, is being established in a favourable quarter, in Scotland. Those wishing for information, or who may be interested to support the movement, should communicate with Miss Stopford, 4 Ashley Place, London, S.W. 1.

London, S.W. 1

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

Psychic Phenomena

Your reviewer of Dr. Fodor's *Encyclopædia of Psychic Science* says, 'There is not a vestige of evidence, acceptable to science, that the camera has ever recorded a supernormal manifestation'. He will find, in the late Baron von Schrenck-Notzing's *Materialisation-Phenomena*, photographs, taken under the most careful 'test' conditions, of ectoplasm exuding from the medium and taking shapes. Again, in the latest volume of the American Society for Psychical Research, *Proceedings* ('The Walter Hands, a Study of their Dermatoglyphics', by Brackett K. Thorogood) he will find flash-light photographs of the Medium (Mrs. Margery Crandon) 'in deep trance, her hands held by a sitter on either

side of her, and fingers forming out of the ectoplasm in front of her pressed on the wax slab and removing it from the dish'. He will also read of how 'a sensitive microphone was placed in a closed and sealed box, mechanically, acoustically, electrically and magnetically shielded from external physical influences—the microphone being connected electrically with a loudspeaker in a distant part of the building. "Walter's" voice emerged from the loudspeaker, but not a sound was heard in the *séance* room in which the box stood'. Are these not 'proofs acceptable to science'? And, if not, why not? And what, in that case, does your reviewer mean by 'science'?

Winchester

C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

Air Disarmament

I agree entirely with Mr. Fancourt's contention that we must concentrate on the elimination of military aviation, especially in view of a speech delivered recently at Surbiton by the Chairman of Messrs. Hawker Aircraft, Ltd. 'We have provided more foreign countries with military aircraft than any other British firm', said Mr. Sopwith. 'I am pleased to put on record that the experience of those countries with Hawker Aircraft is comparable to that of the Royal Air Force. We anticipate that our foreign markets will increase during the next twelve months'. Every time it is observed that foreign countries have thus obtained extensions to their air armaments there is an outcry in this country for 'another 1,000 military planes for our defence'. The first logical step towards International Disarmament must be the elimination of private manufacture for profit.

London, W.C. 1

C. CLAXTON TURNER

Noise Abatement

With reference to the article on 'Noise Reduction in Tube Railways', published in your issue of January 10, may I make the following simple suggestion? It seems to me that if the ends of each section of rail were either chamfered or stepped instead of being just cut off square, the wheels would then be carried from section to section without dropping in the gaps between. Thus, whilst still retaining an adequate gap for expansion, joint noise would probably be much reduced.

Todmorden

E. JACKSON

'Elijah' at the Albert Hall

The difficulties of a production on such a scale as that of 'Elijah', now being given at the Albert Hall, must be tremendous; and one cannot help the impression that on such an occasion the spectacle is the thing, rather than Mendelssohn's music—in spite of the excellent choral singing under Mr. Albert Coates' conducting. From the opening ballet of sun-worshippers at Jezebel's Court, whose rites precede Elijah's prophecy of drought, it is the pageant of 1,000 performers in costumes of all the colours that Ancient Israel could command, that one remembers. The first part of the work—the people's anguish during the famine, the invocation to Baal for fire for his sacrifice, the fire which descends from heaven on to the altar of Jehovah in response to Elijah's prayer, and the end of the drought—offer material more suited to dramatic presentation than Elijah's subsequent languishing in the wilderness and the message given him on Mount Horeb. Indeed, the frenzied entreaties of the crowd demanding fire from the unresponsive image of Baal provide what is perhaps the most successful scene. (One feels inclined to doubt whether even the most grateful Israelites could have uttered such audible thanks to Jehovah for the breaking of the drought in a storm of the fury of that shown against the back-sheet of Mount Carmel). Certain alterations in order, such as the transferring of 'Hear ye, Israel' and the chorus 'Be Not Afraid' to the beginning of the last episode, after Elijah's return from the wilderness, are quite effective. The second part opens instead with a ballet—too charming for the reputed debauchery of Ahab and his Court—and Elijah's denunciation of the King. Mr. Joseph Farrington, as Elijah (on other evenings the part is taken by Mr. Harold Williams and Mr. Henry Gill), is rugged and convincing, and Miss Maria Sandra, as Jezebel, is excellent in this scene, where she incites the people to fury against the prophet. One feels that the fiery chariot might with advantage have been left to the audience's imagination, for it must be confessed that its uncertain journey to the skies contains no suggestion of a whirlwind. But on the whole the difficulties of such an ambitious production were admirably overcome, and the zeal of the promoters and performers in aid of the splendid work being done by St. Dunstan's and the Safer Motherhood Appeal demands admiration and support.

Books and Authors

Strength in the Air

Behind the Smoke Screen. By Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves. Faber. 15s.

THE SCIENTIST AVERS that nothing happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. The proposition is absurd and the result, therefore, unimaginable, chiefly because 'there ain't no sich a thing'. But outside the realm of science and within that of human inter-relationship, political or departmental, for instance, the postulate is neither inexact nor meaningless. Re-stated accordingly, it would run thus. What happens when an irresistible argument meets an immovable attitude of mind? For in this book they are met! The author, putting fact on fact and reinforcing the edifice with authoritative quotation, writing it all out after more than ten years' close study of the subject, concludes with inescapable logic that the Royal Air Force of today is a starveling, wilfully, brutally and designedly underfed in order that the purse-proud sister-Services may grow fat. And he bases this contention, still with adequate proof, on the military myopia which afflicts Sea-Lords and Generals at the Admiralty and War Office, on the poison which is thereby poured into Cabinet Ministers' ears, on the petty-minded jealousy towards an upstart of mushroom growth in the same high places and on their big-wig determination, for reasons of self-preservation, not to budge one inch from their strongly entrenched position as the Empire's foremost lines of defence. Nelson, the author would infer, put his blind eye to the telescope for a better purpose than this. This sisterly attitude would be bad enough in all conscience if the youngest of our family of defence were an unwanted child, or backward, or deficient, even, in the will to grow. Underfeeding is always a crime. But actually, as is well proven by the author, the reverse is the case. He shows how, both in war and peace, the Air arm has already largely superseded the Army and the Navy. Of what use, for instance, to thump the Council table in Europe, basking in the prestige of a Battle Squadron ready in home waters, when it is common knowledge to everyone else present that surface vessels, even first-line monsters costing seven odd million pounds, can be disabled by the aerial bomb, torpedo and mine? And if such is the case with armoured ships of war, what of the flimsy-hulled merchant marine which carries our food supplies? While as for the Army, let it lumber along, entrenching at each halt, and wasting itself against a fortified position, when all the time the aerial fleets are sweeping overhead and devastating the back areas, razing capital cities, or paralysing the industrial nerve-centres of the country. In the author's claim these things are true, and yet the irresistible argument is opposed by immovable opinion.

It is a pitiable picture which he draws! Of the small beginnings of an Air Force, in pre-War days, compelling recognition

for itself in the face of inconceivable derision and distrust; of the appalling misuse of aeroplanes on the Western Front, and of the training system behind, which threw our pilots, like the victims of Moloch, against an enemy whose tactics in the air were not of the same schoolboy variety; of a Royal Air Force at the end of the War immeasurably superior to any other in power, numbers and skill, so that we might have been the arbiters of the Western World on that account alone; and then, of the ruthless massacre of this fine array, smothered by political indifference and inter-Service jealousy, dwindling all the time, until today we hold the humiliating position of fifth among the air armaments of the world instead of first place, which our safety demands and to which we are entitled. Irresistible argument lies low before immovable opinion! We eat our cake and want to have it too! We distribute the sums available for national defence as if the Air arm were still that fledgling which was held up to scorn in the days before the War. That is the substance of General Groves' book, and forcefully indeed does he thrust home his points.

The book also attempts some solution of the warlike discontent which hovers over Europe, some slackening of the tension which vibrates our political nerves. The author insists on an Air Force second to none other. To that he commits himself, and that is his starting-point. And then, when we are again in a position to make our voice heard in International Committee, he pleads for a sane and sensible revision of the Peace Treaties, laying special stress on boundary rectification where possible and on colonial outlet for those Revisionist States which lack colonies. This may, or may not, contribute to efface the zones of low pressure in South-Eastern Europe, on the frontiers of Germany, and elsewhere. But whether they do or not, sanctions will then be necessary to preserve the new order. What sort of a sanction shall it be? International, of course, and consisting of an Air Force from every point of view. But how composed? General Groves leans towards the principle of composition by national contingents. But that solution is Utopian and, in any case, unworkable for a long time to come. Lions and lambs do not mate so readily as that. Perhaps there is no solution. Not to disarm must, of course, mean an armaments race, but then again, even if disarmed, men can still fight with sticks and stones. It is groping in the dark, especially, as the book points out, when the questions at issue do not consist of a right on one side and a wrong on the other, but, and this is the real crux, of right on both sides.

L. E. O. CHARLTON

What Shall I Read?

I—Books of Adventure and Discovery

The first of the six talks in this series was given by Mr. W. E. Williams on Tuesday, February 20. It dealt with books of adventure and discovery, other than fiction; and the particular examples which Mr. Williams spoke of were *Deep Water and Shoal*, by William Albert Robinson (Cape, 10s. 6d.), and *The Conquest of Peru*, by W. H. Prescott (2 vols., Dent, 2s. each). Those who are inclined to do some further reading of this kind of book may like to try some of the following additional recommendations:

The Brassbounder, by David Bone (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.). A finely-written narrative of the experiences of a young apprentice in a deep-water sailing-ship.

In Quest of the Sun, by Alain Gerbault (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). Alain Gerbault is a famous French sportsman who sailed a boat single-handed from New York to the South Seas, and from there round the world to Havre. His book is the chronicle of that adventurous trip.

Mutiny! and Men Against the Sea, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d. each). Nearly 150 years ago there was a mutiny on a British warship in the South Seas. The strange story of the affair, first recorded in Sir John Barrow's classic, *The Mutiny of the 'Bounty'*, is being retold in an interesting trilogy, of which those first two volumes have already appeared. They give not only the exciting events of the mutiny but also vivid pictures of life in the South Seas.

The Death Ship, by Ben Traven (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.). Here is the other side of sea life—an authentic narrative of life on a modern 'coffin-ship', i.e., an old rattletrap tramp which is kept running for the sake of its insurance value.

Commando, by Denys Reitz (Faber, 3s. 6d.). This is a graphic

and unvarnished account of a young Boer's adventures and privations in the South African War.

A Modern Sinbad, by 'Sinbad' (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). 'Sinbad' is a rolling stone who has lived rough on sea and land in all sorts of places and situations, and who knows how to tell his queer story.

The Adventures of Ralph Rashleigh, introduced by the late Earl of Birkenhead (Cape, 4s. 6d.). A grim narrative of a convict who spent years in the Australian penal settlement and who afterwards became a medicine man to a tribe of aborigines.

Southern Cross to Pole Star, by A. F. Tschiffely (Heinemann, 15s.). Tschiffely is a man who undertook a rare journey a few years ago. He rode on horseback from Argentina over the 16,000-foot ranges of the Andes to the United States. He saw strange exciting things and saw them in a way which would have been denied to a more rapid traveller.

Farthest North, by Fridtjof Nansen (out of print. *Episodes from Farthest North*, Harrap, 1s. 6d.). This is one of the best of the Polar narratives. It describes Nansen's epic voyage in the *Fram*, in 1893-6, and his fifteen months' sledge journey in the Arctic Wastes.

The Unveiling of Lhasa, by Edmund Candler (Arnold, 3s. 6d.). This is the account of the European penetration of Tibet, and of the mysteries which were unveiled by Younghusband's expedition.

Travels, by Marco Polo (Dent, 2s.). A selection from the journals of the great fourteenth-century explorer, who first opened the trail to the East—through Persia and India to Ancient China.

The Assault on Mount Everest, by Brigadier-General C. G. Bruce (out of print). This is the first-hand version of the 1922 attempt to conquer Mount Everest.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Monarchy. By Sir Charles Petrie

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

THIS BOOK SHOULD PROVE a very valuable contribution to contemporary political thought. With its rather pathetic belief in progress being on horizontal, instead of on circular lines, the modern mind is always apt to assume that what comes latest in point of time is inevitably an advance, an improvement on what has gone before, destined, moreover, to serve as an indication of what is going to prevail in the future. Republics are in fashion, so the republican form of government is an improvement on the monarchical; and so on. Sir Charles Petrie's book challenges this kind of loose thinking at the outset and disposes of it with complete success—no very difficult task, because it is demonstrably absurd. When he goes on, as he does, to discuss the advantages of monarchical government on its merits, he is obviously on more debatable ground. In brief, his claim is that all true monarchies have always stood for the national interest as distinct from the claims of any one class or any particular faction, and he maintains that an hereditary monarchy provides an element of permanence in the life of a nation for which no substitute can be found under any other form of government. Popular opinion in this country, though unshaken in its belief in the hereditary principle where racehorses and dogs are concerned, seems to be increasingly unwilling to admit its validity in the case of the governing classes. The acceptance of the monarchy itself is perhaps more instinctive than rational—but then the instinct of the English people has always been far more sensible than their reason. Sir Charles' book will provide valuable ammunition for those who wish to enter the fray armed with intellectual, as well as sentimental, weapons.

It has often been observed, and sometimes deplored, that the history of England has been written almost exclusively by Whigs. We have all been brought up to believe that Pym and Hampden were heroes and that England during the Cromwellian interlude attained to a power and prosperity unknown to the first, and dissipated by the second, Charles. According to Sir Charles Petrie, the facts are quite otherwise. On a purely technical point of law, Pym and Hampden were right. But all that Charles I aimed at, with the levying of Ship Money, was to make the whole country pay for the very necessary protection of the coasts of England. Hampden, safe in Buckinghamshire, refused; that is his title to canonisation. How many people know that Cromwell almost brought the country to economic ruin and that Charles II brought back a high degree of prosperity alike in trade and finance?

Sir Charles' book deals with the history of monarchy in various European countries, not to mention China and Japan, as well as England. He has something interesting and valuable to say in each instance, but most people will agree that the best chapter of all is the chapter that deals with France. It is not only interesting in itself, but is particularly apposite at the present time when the very foundations of the Third Republic are once more in danger. How shallow these foundations in fact are will be obvious to any reader of Sir Charles' book. Even after the disaster of 1870, the French did not really want a republic; negotiations with the Comte de Chambord went on till 1875; agreement was practically reached on two occasions. Had it not been for his idiotic insistence on the substitution of the white flag of the Bourbons for the Tricolor, there would almost certainly be a monarchy in France today. Even now the corruption of the Third Republic may still outweigh the disadvantages of the Duc de Guise.

Critique of Poetry. By Michael Roberts. Cape. 7s. 6d.

A poem was published some years ago under the title *Transitional Poem*. Conscious 'transitionalism' is characteristic of English culture; it includes both the will to be original, and modesty about the author's own powers to achieve originality. This mixture of feelings leads to alternate frivolous and serious passages; unfortunately the former are often the more readable and pull down the scale of the whole into a sort of amateur philosophy. Curious anecdotes and ingenious comparisons are the typically English substitute for wit; while few English writers can take on a serious tone without at the same time becoming exceedingly heavy, with much talk of 'technique', 'critique' and 'arduous labours'. A sense of extreme responsibility and overwhelming difficulty weighs down English criticism, which is at its weightiest, for better or worse, in *Scrutiny*

and *The Criterion*. The spirit and intention of these journals is that, not of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, but of his *Dictionary*.

Mr. Michael Roberts' *Critique of Poetry* is a good book within these limits. It records facts which are worth recording, it quotes passages which are worth quoting, and it shows a talent for reserving judgment where it should be reserved. Mr. Roberts is at his best as a marginal commentator, as for example where he puts Miss Riding in her place for putting Poe in his place over the accuracy of the calculations in the 'Gold Bug'. He can be quite brilliant, as in pointing out the (now obvious) latent content of 'Kubla Khan'; or in a note, so brief as to be easily passed by, on 'the unsuspected relations between words'. These and many other observations are the fruit of a long and patient study of poetry both good and bad; and indeed at times it appears as if the author's specialised interest in poetry of all kinds has led to a catholicity of taste which blunts the edge of criticism. The same attitude—one might call it the histological attitude—towards verse is seen in this writer's struggles with 'sound sequences'; and in his very convincing—and amusing—solution of a puzzle-poem on a grasshopper. Opportunities are not lost for that most simple and effective method of criticism; the juxtaposition of passages. Thus Pound is shown up by reference to Goldsmith (page 68); and Eliot by reference to Pound (page 164). There are a great many quotations from young English and American poets—enough at least to enable a reader to form his own judgment on them, if he does not wish to accept that of Mr. Roberts. The *Critique of Poetry* is in fact a good notebook of comments, opinions, discoveries, sources, resemblances, conjectures, categories and a certain number of jokes. That is at least how the reviewer has chosen to read it. Admittedly there is a general argument: but it has the effect not of an argument but of a human character whose consistency is the result of being its own and nobody else's and whose diversity bears witness to the diversity of the world. It is indeed hard to credit the diversity of the fish which Mr. Roberts has hooked and landed: he might well have provided an index in which they could all lie in their essential incongruity.

Stones of Rimini. By Adrian Stokes. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Stones of Rimini, which follows *The Quattro Cento*, Mr. Stokes' first book on the Italian Renaissance, is planned to cover the Tempio Malatestiano and the sculptures of Agostino di Duccio and his followers. As those who have already read the author's earlier volume will know, his treatment of the subject is unusual and the book is largely based on personal reactions to fundamental æsthetic qualities. As in *The Quattro Cento* the author developed his idea of 'stone blossom', he has here endeavoured to show that Agostino's work is dominated by the 'imaginative meanings which we attach to stone and water in relation'. No doubt on the face of it this suggestion will receive scant courtesy from many readers. Nevertheless, whether one chooses to accept this theory or not, *Stones of Rimini* will probably stand as one of the most fascinating and worth-while art publications of the year for its discerning analyses and superb descriptions, and for the interest of the countless subsidiary ideas and suggestions which it puts forward.

The book is divided into three parts, the first of which is mainly devoted to the exposition of his 'imaginative meanings', the second deals with the question of modelled, as opposed to carved sculpture, while the third covers the Tempio itself. The two later parts are undoubtedly the best. They are well written in a style which is far less cumbersome than that of *The Quattro Cento*, though with the same fine sense for the use of words and simile; they 'go' too with all the freshness and vigour of the earlier work. As a general criticism, however, it must be admitted that a great deal of this book, especially in the earlier chapters, is overcrowded. There are endless interpolations which fly off at any tangent (not that these are by any means all unimportant), and there are many pages which read like a *précis* of widely divergent but rather superficial reading on subjects which range from Plato to the amount of lime absorbed by a cow, and an outline history of astrology. That these varied studies were essential to the formation of the author's taste is no doubt true, but the re-hash of them is confused and often seems pointless; also there are passages which, like the title, are not without a hint of plagiarism. Perhaps one's chief objection to these side issues is the suggestion they contain that the author's

fine unbiased perception and rare sympathy for the Renaissance, which is the great contribution of these books, may become influenced and dulled by too much cant.

Agostino's very individual style certainly makes a most plausible illustration to the stone-and-water theory, but it is a pity that the author has not tried to disprove the possibility that this style may be a fairly logical expression of the period, or attempted on these grounds to compare it for feeling with the work of other artists. Mr. Stokes points out rightly and extremely well that the Tempio really depends on the personality of Sigismondo Malatesta, of whom he draws a short but brilliant sketch, but it is surprising that more emphasis is not laid on the astounding frieze carved in superb lettering with his name. This frieze seems to dominate the whole church and to be the culminating point of the decorations. It is perhaps obvious, but by its sheer flouting unquestioning blatancy, carried out in perfect taste, it is so expressive of the building and the man. A word of praise is due to the set-up, and the illustrations, which are numerous and well chosen. There is also a wrapper designed by Mr. Ben Nicholson which one should probably not throw away.

Fables of La Fontaine. Translated by Edward Marsh Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Translating French verse into English verse is notoriously a stiff literary task; but Mr. Marsh, in his preface to this book, expresses the opinion that La Fontaine is less impossible to translate than his contemporaries, such as Racine and Molière. 'I have always thought', he says, 'that several of his characteristics give him a special appeal to English minds: his sympathy with animals, his dislike of rhetoric and formality, and above all his pervasive humour (often so much akin to Chaucer's), which puts in an appearance somewhere or other in nearly every Fable'. Mr. Marsh rightly eschews any attempt at literal translation, and aims rather at catching the spirit and atmosphere of La Fontaine's epigrammatic verse. He successfully turns puns and allusions which would have no flavour if left in their original phrase, into English idiom of pungent and up-to-date humour. Let us take an old favourite, 'The Ass in the Lion's Skin'; Mr. Marsh renders it thus:

The Ass put on the Lion's skin,
And everyone was taken in;
So that this beast of little worth
Kept all the countryside in terror,
Till by mischance a tip of ear peeped forth,
And showed the cheated folk their error.
Then Bumble plied his truncheon with a will.
'Twas a surprise, for such as didn't tumble
To the deception, seeing Bumble
Driving lions to the mill.

Nor does Mr. Marsh fail us in the many descriptive passages, or where tenderness and pathos are called for. With as much economy of effort as the French, he can sketch an idyll in a dozen lines:

A garden-devotee there was,
Half-peasant and half middle-class,
Who owned on the outskirts of a village
A tidy plot and the adjoining tillage.
He had reared a quickset hedge to fence it in;
There lettuces and sorrel grew at will,
And flowers to make a birthday bunch for Jill,
And thyme in plenty, and a specimen
Or two of Spanish Jessamin.

Probably Mr. Marsh's collection is as good as we shall ever have of La Fontaine in English; and the pleasantness of his volume is greatly increased by Mr. Stephen Gooden's twelve beautiful engravings. It is a pity, though, that the publishers have not yet learned the secret of printing their sheets in accordance with the grain of the paper; for in a book of this sort, which is often taken out to be dipped into, it is a nuisance if the pages stand out stiffly and will not lie agreeably when it is open. This is a point the Oxford University Press attends to, and it is surely time other publishers began to follow suit.

The Technique of Prints and Art Reproduction Processes. By Jan Poortenaar. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

During recent years, there has been a steady increase in the demand for reproductions of pictures, equally as illustrations to books and magazines, as prints for the collector, or for decoration. Yet, strange as it may seem, editors and authors, as a rule, possess but a vague idea of the processes available to them, while bibliographers, though familiar with the methods of bygone days, know little of the means now employed. Perhaps, there has been some excuse for this lack of understanding; the subject seemed too complex, and the would-be student sought in vain for enlightenment. All this was yesterday; today, Mr.

Jan Poortenaar has opened the door to knowledge in his masterly book, *The Technique of Prints and Art Reproduction Processes*. The subject is introduced by dividing the processes of print-making into three basic groups; describing, in turn, all the principles which govern the production of and printing from plates or blocks in relief, intaglio plates and planographic plates. Within these groups, the processes are subdivided into those prepared and printed by hand and those in which mechanical means are largely employed. The book is written by an artist-craftsman in language so simple that a child might understand, yet so complete that no technician could take offence. Calmly, and in logical sequence, the reader is initiated into the mystery of the craft. Nothing appears to have been overlooked; nothing taken for granted. The whole practice in the manipulation of each process is outlined for the onlooker; no attempt is made to furnish formulæ or working details.

As already indicated, the first half of the volume is devoted to hand or non-mechanical processes, and this section will appeal most to artists and collectors, though, to some extent, commercial use is made of hand-produced prints in limited editions or dilettante books. The second part of the volume will appeal to a wider public, for it deals with reproductive methods in general use today, known as the photo-mechanical processes. The author describes in detail the preparation and printing of line and half-tone blocks, including such modifications of them as pantone and deeply-etched half-tone; flat-plate and rotary photogravure; collotype; offset and photo-lithography. While the book is convincingly illustrated in the text, an invaluable addition is the inset plates, produced by the processes described. It would be rare indeed to find a book so versatile as this without some fault. Invariably, Mr. Poortenaar is correct in his descriptions of method, but occasionally one finds his theories confused. A notable example is his theory of colour separation in making photographic negatives for the three-colour process. The publishers, too, would be well advised to amplify the index when another edition is contemplated; many important words find no place there. Despite these criticisms, made in all friendliness, the book is admirably conceived, and it should be the constant companion of all interested in prints and printing.

Inland Waters of Africa. By S. and E. B. Worthington Macmillan. 15s.

Many readers of books on Africa must have felt the need for a book that is 'different'. Some will certainly find in this volume what they have sought. Early exploratory books belonging to the heroic age were followed by those of sport and high adventure, after which came more sport and the impressions of the globe-trotter. Next a spate of anthropological studies, intermingled with the records of the naturalist-photographer, pioneered by Schilling and Dugmore. Now follows the biologist, and this book is primarily biological, but never oppressively so for the general reader. The scientific records of Dr. Worthington's expeditions have appeared in their proper places, and there is no attempt here to dish them up again: we have, rather, the live story of the lakes and waterways freed from the burden of irritating jargon, yet portrayed by instructed observers who are also gifted with the power to describe what they observed.

The book deals primarily with fishes and with fishing: the contents of these inland waters, and the means of extracting from them a million tons of fish a year; but that is a subject which would soon pall on most readers, even when it includes descriptions of tame crocodiles that had never previously seen man, and the like. So the authors take care not to linger too long on this side of the picture, and tell us, also, why there are no crocodiles in some lakes, which leads to the fascinating tale of African pre-history: then we switch to modern times, with reference to the introduction of trout and black bass into Kenya, which has made that Colony an angler's paradise. Major Grogan is, however, incorrectly credited with being the first to introduce the trout, the credit belonging to Mr. S. L. Hinde, who obtained the ova from Lord Denbigh's fisheries in North Wales. Elsewhere we are given full particulars of the skilful and varied native methods of catching fish. (Mentality tests based on this would give higher results than some writers suggest.) This leads naturally to the excellent portrayal of the habits, with song and dance, of the waterside folk, and on the top of it all Dr. Worthington and his wife have a natural gift for painting a picture of the country: describing its formation so that one can understand it, and then presenting it so that it can be visualised. Never seeking for effect they achieve it.

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The Eclipse of Christianity in Asia from the time of Muhammad till the Fourteenth Century

By Laurence E. Browne. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

In discussing the humanitarian ideal in an early chapter of *Adventures of Ideas*, Professor A. N. Whitehead hazarded 'the prophecy that that religion will conquer which can render clear to popular understanding some eternal greatness incarnate in the passage of temporal fact'. Mr. Browne's exceedingly able volume constitutes a valuable exposition of this theme. While not without considerable interest for the general historical reader, it is primarily a book for the specialist and for those who are concerned with the strategy and tactics of Christian missionary enterprise. It reflects a deep understanding of Oriental life and thought; is carefully, though attractively, documented; and until the last few pages entirely objective and scientific in purpose and method. At the outset Mr. Browne reminds us that whereas 'the growth of Christianity in Europe since the fourth century has been a continual struggle against the forces of worldliness within the ranks of the Church, in Asia the course of Christianity has been completely different. Never once until the thirteenth century was the favour of the state conferred upon the Church'. He presents convincing evidence to show that the eclipse of Christianity in Asia, and particularly in relation to Islam, cannot be explained on the grounds of persecution. The alternatives of Islam or the sword were offered to the Arabs alone, not, as is so often assumed, to Arabs and non-Arabs indiscriminately; and the writer mentions as 'a solitary example of forced conversion of Christians to Islam' the account written by a contemporary monk of the occupation of the monastery of Mount Sinai by the Muslims. Dealing with the failure of the Christian community under the Caliphs to maintain its position and increase its numbers, the writer affirms that this 'must have been due to the feebleness of their Christian faith'; to their 'imperfect conception of the implications of the incarnation' which made possible the widespread cult of images, 'which did almost more than anything else to offend the Muslims'; and to a tendency to defend Christianity 'on purely intellectual grounds' rather than by the presentation of 'moral arguments' and 'the attractiveness of the character of Christ'.

In an illuminating chapter regarding polemical methods and literature, Mr. Browne reaches the striking conclusions that 'the importance for our own time of studying the ancient polemic lies in the fact that similar methods, and even some of the very same arguments, have been employed by Christian missionaries right down to the present day, in spite of the proved failure of these arguments to convert the Muslim', and that 'the only effect of those doctrines which filled the Christian polemical works was to find some parallel to them—without the moral implications—in the case of Muhammad'; and rightly insists that 'nothing could be a greater condemnation of the Christian methods of polemic than this result'. As summarising the Muslim reaction to Christian life and teaching, we are told that 'the arguments and doctrines of the learned Christians had no effect whatever . . . it was not the Christ of the theologians but the Jesus of the common people to whom they (the Muslims) looked'. 'One cannot read the history of this time without real regret; for the wistful longing of Muslims towards Christ strongly suggests that they might have responded if Christ had been more truly presented to them'. But if Christianity thus sadly failed, Islam did not achieve any real triumph, and a new chapter of history is now opening in our own day in which Christianity is returning to Asia. It is to be hoped that those who are striving to make that return more effective than previous endeavours will avail themselves of the knowledge and insight which Mr. Browne has crowded into his all too brief book.

Viva Villa! By Edgcumb Pinchon. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Viva Villa! is above all else a masterly re-creation of a great personality. Edgcumb Pinchon indeed comes very near to idealisation of Francesco Villa, and the vindication of the latter's reputation after America's naturally exaggerated drawings of the 'villain of the piece' is therefore complete. Throughout the complications of Mexican revolt, Pinchon makes Pancho Villa his guiding thread, and the moves in politics, diplomacy and enemy warfare are followed always with reference to their effect upon

him. This is in no way detrimental to the book, but in fact leads to a unification which is otherwise difficult to secure when dealing with movements and counter-movements in Mexican history. The book has the additional advantage of being backed by authoritative knowledge of Mexican conditions. It is not the description of geographical conditions only which is responsible for this, but an intimate acquaintance with the everyday life of the Mexican people. It is no easy matter to avoid sentimentalisation in discussing the almost unendurable position of the peon slave, but while Pinchon is naturally pro-peon (the class from which Villa rose and whose interests he lived to protect) his sympathy does not out-run reason. There can only be one result when an uneducated, downtrodden and starved class-group feels power within its grasp, sees the opportunity of turning the tables upon its oppressors, and hears the shout of freedom and liberty ringing in its ears.

Madero was anxious to improve the lot of the peon and had his attempt been successful it would have had fundamental effects upon the general outlook of the nation. In Mexico, there is a sincere admiration of the outlaw, as the latter is so often a peon robbed of his lands or otherwise unjustly treated. Banditry in Mexico, as Pinchon points out, has its roots not in 'Mexican depravity', but in the 'socio-economic system'. Under these circumstances, the bandit becomes something of a hero, a man brave enough to make a stand against authority and to risk capture and death. Pancho Villa's popularity among his countrymen can only be fully understood if we take this into consideration. His appeal is not only as the picturesque bandit. He himself was not from the beginning fully conscious of his purpose. It was when the crowds began to cry his name, 'Viva Villa!' and welcome him as a protector that he understood that he was pledged to them. Of the other persons who enter the narrative, Obregon perhaps meets with less than justice at the hands of the writer, who does not recognise to the full the military genius of one of Mexico's greatest generals, who as President pulled the whole country together after a wave of successive revolutions.

Finally, those who are fond of a tale of hangings, shootings, cattle-rustling, punishment by torture, etc., will find material enough in this book. There are, indeed, many so-called novels of adventure which afford not half the excitement provided by this history of a man who 'cheated both the firing squad and the jail'.

Chemical Encyclopædia. By C. T. Kingzett

Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 42s.

Chemical encyclopædias are a very important part of scientific literature, and it is a remarkable fact that very few have been published, particularly of recent years. The fact that Mr. Kingzett's *Encyclopædia*, first published in 1919, has now reached its fifth edition, is evidence of the demand that there is for a book of this type. The author has dealt with the problems of compilation (and there are many) with great skill. A book of this kind does not fulfil its function if it is intelligible only to the trained chemical practitioner. Mr. Kingzett has succeeded in almost every section of his book in explaining in language which is at once not too technical but scientifically accurate the industrial applications of chemistry. Having regard to the great and increasingly wide applications of chemical science to industry, it is a considerable achievement in a book of a thousand pages thus adequately to treat a subject of this kind.

In our view the book is of greater value for the technician with some knowledge of chemistry than for the trained chemist himself. The problem arises in this connection, as in all others, of making a book acceptable both to the specialist and to those who only require general information. It is obviously impossible to please both parties, and the title *Encyclopædia* suggests the diffusion of general rather than specialist knowledge. Inevitably some subjects are treated more adequately than others. Purely theoretical questions have quite properly been condensed, but the sections dealing with, for example, the elements and their classification, atoms, and valency are clearly outlined. Some of the applied sections might with advantage have been expanded. The paragraph on fermentation, for instance, omits even an outline of the principal fermentation industries. On the other hand, the section on fertilisers is admirable. The principal sections contain useful bibliographies, those on chemical engineering, cellulose, nitrogen fixation, and rubber being notably well chosen. Mr. Kingzett's book ought to find a place in the libraries of all chemists, engineers, works-managers, and others who have occasion to deal directly or indirectly with the problems of applied chemistry. The contents are uniformly accurate and the proofs have been carefully read.

New Novels

It's a Battlefield. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Winner Takes Nothing. By Ernest Hemingway. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Swan's Milk. By Louis Marlow. Faber. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

JIM DROVER, a Communist 'bus-driver, stabs a policeman in Hyde Park to save his wife from being bludgeoned in a row. He is afterwards tried and condemned to death. All this happens before the beginning of Mr. Greene's story, which is concerned with the various attempts to get the condemned man reprieved, and the interests which have to be reassured before that can be done. Milly, Drover's wife, is perfectly sincere in her desire for the reprieve, although she knows that it will mean eighteen years of separation from her husband. Conrad Drover is less disinterested, for he is in love with Milly and at the same time passionately devoted to his brother. Mr. Surrogate, a Communist intellectual, feels that Drover's death and the acquisition of a martyr would be good for the movement. Bennett, a violent revolutionist, looks upon the Drover incident as out-of-date and is interested only in driving out the intellectuals and getting power into his own hands. Kay, Milly's sister, a frank sensualist, goes on methodically satisfying her desires, shedding a tear now and then over her brother-in-law's sad plight. Conder, a journalist and a member of the Communist Party, finds all his rather half-hearted social efforts turning into news. The Commissioner of Police, a conscientious official, sticks to his job, which is that of discovering and handing offenders over to justice. The Home Secretary's only problem is whether it would be more advantageous to his career as a politician to reprieve Drover or let him hang. In the end Drover is reprieved, and tries to kill himself—mercy in the form of eighteen years' imprisonment failing to arouse his gratitude.

This summary gives an idea of the framework of Mr. Greene's novel. A passage from *Kinglake* which he sets at the beginning elucidates it still further:

In so far as the battlefield presented itself to the bare eyesight of men, it had no entirety, no length, no breadth, no depth, no size, no shape, and was made up of nothing except small numberless circlets commensurate with such ranges of vision as the mist might allow at each spot. . . . In such conditions, each separate gathering of English soldiery went on fighting its own little battle in happy and advantageous ignorance of the general state of the action; nay, even very often in ignorance that any great conflict was raging.

To Mr. Greene, society is a battlefield of the kind described here. The focus of the drama is the fight for Drover's reprieve; that is what sends all the characters into action. But as the field is wrapped in obscurity the battle splits into a number of isolated battles in which everybody ends by fighting for his own hand. That is no doubt a valid symbolical criticism of present-day society, and one should feel grateful to Mr. Greene for stating it so eloquently. He has given a graphic picture of the injustice, heartlessness and confusion of society, and that, it is clear, is what he set out to do; the passion inspiring his story is a moral passion, and it is admirably expressed. Yet the book must also be judged as a novel, a picture of life, and there it is far less successful. Although Mr. Greene tries to make his characters real by scrupulously providing them with private idiosyncrasies, they remain functions of a social order whose wickedness he wishes to show in all their actions, all their motives. The Commissioner is a Commissioner, the Communists are Communists, the reporters reporters, the politicians politicians; Mr. Greene merely adds a layer of humanity to them after they are already finished. The only two characters who are convincingly alive are Kay, the sensualist, who works in a match factory but has not become a factory-worker, and Conrad Drover, the head clerk who remains human and wretched by rebelling persistently against his fate. The author makes his figures behave credibly enough, but not so much by entering into their feelings as by calculating from a general graph in his mind how in certain circumstances they would act. In the end Mr. Greene cares less for his characters than for the wrongs that society inflicts upon them. As a criticism of society by a man of sincerity and intellectual power, the book is worth reading. The criticism is partial, it is true, but valid as far as it goes, and very telling. Had the characters been more real, no doubt the criticism would have been somewhat different; for in the end it is difficult to decide whether Mr. Greene is condemn-

ing society or human nature: in the actual conduct of his characters it is hard to distinguish between the workings of these two things.

The first quality that strikes one in Mr. Hemingway's work is an extraordinary freshness of perception and an extraordinary skill in recording what his senses convey to him: the roughness of experience, the undiluted flavour of conversation. It is as if he jettisoned everything that usually comes between our perception of objects and objects themselves—preconceived notions, humane sentiments, poetic associations, even thought itself. It would be easy from this to draw the conclusion that to him objects alone and the sensations they awaken in him are of any importance: that he is a writer who remains consistently on the plane of sensation, on the level of the ordinary sensual man. It is this supposition, no doubt, that makes some critics deny that he is a writer to be taken seriously. But the supposition is not a true one. The action in Mr. Hemingway's stories does move more constantly on the sensational plane than in those of any other writer one can think of, with the possible exception of Maupassant. But on that plane he is capable of evoking tragedy, comedy, pathos, irony, a whole series of emotions that are of a quite different order from those he is describing. Maupassant was a sober writer; Mr. Hemingway too is a sober writer: to confine oneself to recording sensations is a sobering exercise. It may be, as Mr. David Garnett said recently, that Mr. Hemingway does this as a safeguard against sentimentality, but there are several sentimental touches in his latest volume nevertheless. It seems to be a fairly common idea that sensations are more honest and dependable than feelings and thoughts; and one might certainly draw this conclusion from Mr. Hemingway's stories. It is an idea that could only be held in an age in which many things, including the human faculties themselves, have become specialised to a certain degree, so that we can see them functioning in apparent isolation. Mr. Hemingway's simplicity is the sophisticated simplicity of a complex age which has analysed thought and emotion so busily that they seem to be analysed almost away, leaving only the sensations and the outside world intact and unspoilt. It is a restricted and local simplicity won by ignoring what is complex and therefore uncertain in life; but if one grants its legitimacy there is no denying Mr. Hemingway's claim to be considered one of the most superlatively excellent writers of his time. The stories in *Winner Takes Nothing* are not so consistently good as those in *Men Without Women*; there is none quite equal to 'The Killers'; there are some, such as 'Fathers and Sons', which read like a caricature of Mr. Hemingway by himself, and are grotesquely and comically ruthless. Nevertheless, though not the equal of the author's best, *Winner Takes Nothing* is a remarkable book—and if Mr. Hemingway had not put his name to it would win the highest praise.

Swan's Milk is acclaimed by the publishers as 'a brilliant example of a new form of fiction—the imaginary biography', and by Mr. Llewelyn Powys as 'an important landmark in biographical-autobiographical writing'. It is in reality a pleasantly written volume of gossip about an English literary man called Dexter Foothold who during his life meets many well-known people such as Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Ralph Straus, Mr. Maurice Browne and the Powys brothers—the last being by far the most interesting of his acquaintances. There are also a number of love-affairs—more vaguely indicated—and the hero airs opinions and prejudices on many subjects and is on the whole an entertaining figure. He is a convinced hedonist and would be entirely charming if it were not for a faint touch of propagandist fervour. Those who can forget that the book is a landmark and a new form will find in it amusing light reading.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Everard Bringle*, by John Owen (Gollancz); *Render unto Caesar*, by Margot Robert Adamson (Dent); *Truth is not Sober*, by Winifred Holtby (Collins)—all 7s. 6d.